

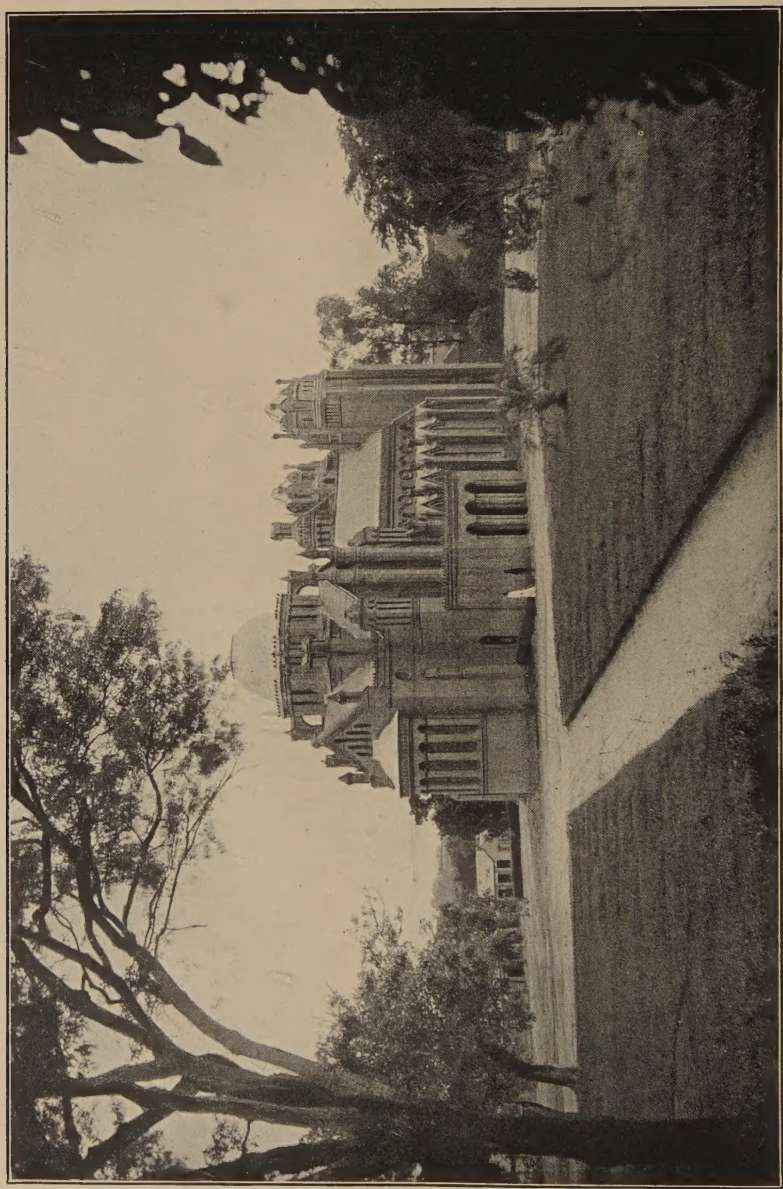
• AFRICA •
IN TRANSFORMATION



NORMAN MACLEAN

20/-

AFRICA IN TRANSFORMATION



BLANTYRE CHURCH—"ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS,"

AFRICA IN TRANSFORMATION

BY

NORMAN MACLEAN

AUTHOR OF "DWELLERS IN THE MIST," "HILLS OF HOME,"
"THE BURNT OFFERING,"
"CAN THE WORLD BE WON FOR CHRIST?"
ETC.

"Those who deblatterate against missions have only one
thing to do—to go and see them on the spot."

R. L. STEVENSON.

LONDON

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TO
JAMES STEEL

THROUGH
WHOSE INTEREST IN MISSIONS
THIS BOOK CAME TO
BE WRITTEN.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

“Had I a strong voice, as it is the weakest alive, yea, could I lift it up as a trumpet, I would sound a retreat from our unnatural contentions, and irreligious strivings for religion.”—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

THERE was a great hour in the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh when the voice of prayer arose appealingly, overwhelmingly, to the throne of God, crying out for the healing of the Church's divisions, for the stanching of her wounds. Many hearts have since continued to pray, and longing eyes have scanned the horizon for the signs of the coming Healer. When I arrived at Kikuyu it seemed to me as if Edinburgh were there in the heart of Africa. The same cry after unity rose from yearning hearts. The spirit which brooded over Edinburgh brooded over Kikuyu. Here was the first manifest answer to the prayers of the World Missionary Conference. Therefore, I wrote that there in Kikuyu I found the “first fruit being gathered of the World Missionary Conference.”

It is in this great sense that Edinburgh and Kikuyu are one. For the World Missionary Conference propounded no policy of reunion and, by reason of its constitution, could not do so. Kikuyu could not be the result of a policy which does not exist. And further, Kikuyu

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dates back to 1907 and 1909, while the Edinburgh Conference was only in 1910. But though these facts were self-evident, the Bishop of Winchester wrote to the Press condemning any suggestion of connection between Edinburgh and Kikuyu. He was not content with that, for at the Hague Meeting of the Continuation Committee of the World Missionary Conference, he raised the question as a matter of privilege and the Committee passed a resolution. And on his return, the Bishop of Winchester published the resolution, and the impression which was created in many quarters was that the Continuation Committee of the World Missionary Conference frowned on Kikuyu. It need scarcely be said that the Continuation Committee had no mandate to pass judgment and did not pass judgment on Kikuyu.

To those who were present at the Kikuyu Conference, and at the Holy Communion Service by which its high fellowship was crowned, its memory will ever be a precious possession. The storm of controversy which has arisen regarding it is of all things the most deplorable. The service, which to those who were at Kikuyu seemed the most holy and sacred experience of their lives, was designated by the *Church Times* a "grotesque performance," and the solemn act of the Bishop of Mombasa was referred to as

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giving communion to "various heretics." Scorn and contempt are the fruits produced by heathenism—they are impossible as fruits of the Christian Spirit. That the *Church Times* should pour contempt on Scottish Churchmen, among others, as heretics and schismatics does not disturb. For to the great Christian world the *Church Times* is only the sectional voice of a Church which to the Roman and Greek Churches is "heretic" and "schismatic," and which a great Cardinal described as "shivering in its insular isolation." To these ancient Churches we are all heretics and schismatics together. The remembrance of that fact might make us, at least, charitable to each other.

The Conference at Kikuyu and its scheme of Federation has to be judged not in relation to the theories of our various Churches at home, but in relation to the perils which confront Christianity in Central Africa. The greatest of these perils is the spread of Mohammedanism. It is not this Church or that Church that is being weighed in the balance—it is Christianity. There in Africa Mohammedanism is a united, conquering power. Every Mohammedan is a missionary; too often the Christian trader and planter is a stumbling-block to Christianity. Mohammedanism has behind it the power of prestige. It has swept Christianity before it, as

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chaff before the wind, in Asia and in Africa. Even the holy places of Christianity are in the keeping of Mohammedanism, and the Crescent waves over Jerusalem. Unless Christianity can mobilise its forces and present a united front to Islam, then the whole of Africa will fall under the withering blight of Islam. It presses inward from the East Coast and from the West Coast, where Mohammedanism is already strongly entrenched; it presses south from the great university at Cairo, the centre of its propaganda. Everywhere you will meet it. As far south as the Shiré River in Nyasaland you will see its mosques springing up. You will not travel far anywhere without meeting a dark son of Africa conning a Koran. In Africa Christianity is fighting for its life—for its claim to sway the spiritual destinies of a continent. It was in face of that peril that the Reformed Missions in British East Africa sought so to arrive at an agreement that they might begin to unite their forces. To them the Holy Communion Service was the pledge of their unity facing a common foe.

How came it that in the seventh century Mohammedanism vanquished Christianity in Asia and Africa? It was because Christianity was hopelessly divided. That religion which came to unite men in the bond of love had degenerated into endless wrangling over futile points of

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metaphysics. Instead of that love which welds into one, sect hated sect. When the one Christian sect was conquered by Islam, the other Christian sect exulted. It would almost look as if some evil spell were laid on Christianity from age to age. The same dread evil afflicts us to-day. It almost looks as if in our day also there are to be found some Christians who would exult at the overthrow even by Islam of those who differ from them. In England to-day the sectarian strife which made Christianity fall a prey to Islam so long ago has broken out afresh and threatens to paralyse Christianity. It is the fate of Christianity as a world-religion which is being decided in these days. "Keep your smaller differences," was the exhortation of a great reformer, "let us have no discord on that account; but let us march in one solid column, under the banners of the Captain of our Salvation, and with undivided counsels form the legions of the Cross upon the territories of darkness and of death." "The body of religion is torn and bleeding," cried Archbishop Leighton in agony at a time such as this: "its soul is dying while we are fighting about the hem of its garment."

N. M.

THE PARK CHURCH, GLASGOW,
January 10, 1914.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

Two of the Iona monks were once teaching the Faith in one of the western isles of heathen Scotland, but not as brothers—rather were they preaching and praying against one another, each holding himself to be a better evangelist than the other. At last the matter came before Columba of my love. “Stretch out, both of you, the right hand towards heaven,” he bade them. They did so. “One of you,” said he, “is slightly taller than the other, but neither the one nor the other can come within reach of yon white cloud swimming above us. To your knees now, O men, and pray for one another and for the folk, and both of you will reach higher than the clouds.” They took to their knees, and the prayers which used to stick in the thatch mounted now like sparks of fire unto the heavens. Ever after there was brotherhood between the two monks, and the brotherhood of the monks made brothers of the folk.

There is a mission in Central Africa which might well ponder this little story of the olden days. In Africa, Christian missions that refuse

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to pray together will never make “brothers of the folk.”



Whatever of worth may be found in this book is wholly owing to the missionaries who so generously unlocked to me the stores of their knowledge and experience. Foremost among these I must record my deep gratitude to the Rev. Dr. Hetherwick, the head of the Blantyre Mission, who has a knowledge of the languages, customs, and traditions of Nyasaland which no other can equal. That the Shiré Highlands are now being rapidly brought under the power of Christianity is mainly owing to his zeal, wisdom, and devotion. From the Rev. Dr. Laws of Livingstonia I heard tales of derring-do which stirred the blood, and his tales were all of others. As one listened to him it was as if one were face to face with one of the great men of old who brought nations into the Kingdom of God. To Bishop Willis of Uganda, Bishop Peel of British East Africa, Dr. J. W. Arthur, Kikuyu, Rev. James Youngson and Dr. Philp, Kenia, I am indebted for much of what I learned regarding Uganda and British East Africa. And I recall with gratitude the days I spent at Mlanje, where Rev. Ernest D. Bowman showed me kindness such as one never forgets, and one of whose experiences I have recorded in this book; at Zomba where Rev. A. M.

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Anderson let me see the native Church at work ; at Domasi where Rev. James F. Alexander introduced me to diverse races and to sundry chiefs. At Bandawe, on Lake Nyasa, the Rev. A. G. MacAlpine showed me a summer school of native teachers, and the fringe of a work which has transformed Central Africa. And I am indebted for photographs to Right Rev. Bishop Tucker, Mr. James Sabiston, Mr. George Dennis, Mr. J. Macgregor and Miss Edwards. To Miss Marion S. Stevenson I owe what I learned regarding the Kikuyu at Kenia.

The books which I have read and to all of which I owe some debt are Dr. Elmslie's *Among the Wild Ngoni*, Monteith Fotheringham's *Adventures in Nyasaland*, Rankine's *A Hero of the Dark Continent*; Robertson's *Martyrs of Blantyre*, Baird's *Nyono at School and at Home*, Anderson-Morshead's *History of the Universities Mission*, Jack's *Daybreak in Livingstonia*, Bishop Tucker's *Eighteen Years in Uganda*, Weatherhead's *Uganda a Chosen Vessel*, Fraser's *Future of Africa*, Mackay of *Uganda*, Pilkington of *Uganda*, and those of Sir Charles Eliot, Sir Frederick Lugard, and Sir Harry Johnston.

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INTRODUCTION

THE MAN WHO OPENED UP AFRICA

“Viewed in relation to my calling, the end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise.”—*Letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, March, 1856.*

IF we are to understand the spirit of this man, it is not to the tenement at Blantyre, where the roar of the factories has for its undertone the song of the Clyde, but to the lonely island of Ulva, where the Atlantic waves beat on lonely shores, that we must turn our steps. What St. Paul did in the first century for Europe, what St. Columba did for Scotland, David Livingstone did for Africa—he opened up the way by which Christianity entered in to possess a continent. From Iona the light broke over Scotland; from Ulva came the light which is now breaking over Africa. His great-grandfather was out in the '45, and died at Culloden for Prince Charlie. The spirit of adventure and romance was in the blood. But Culloden drowned in blood the ancient loyalties. In the new day chiefs disappeared. Macquarrie of Ulva, who entertained Johnson and Boswell

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in his "mean" mansion, where the sage's feet stood in the "mire" when he was undressing, had to sell the island. Instead of the beautiful patriarchal life and the affection of the clan for the chief, there came the landlord. Then the exodus of the people began, and many of the Livingstones crossed the Atlantic. But one of them, his grandfather, came to Glasgow, and settled at Blantyre. When the statistical account of 1845 was written there was but little English spoken in Ulva. In 1792, when the grandfather left it, there would be none. At Blantyre he would have to learn English. It was from the old loyalty and affection of the islanders of Ulva for their chief that David Livingstone derived the spirit of sympathy and understanding of the relations of African chiefs to their tribes; it was from the spirit of the wild charges wherewith the Celt won his battles that there came to him the daring and swift resoluteness which carried him over deserts and swamps, when cold calculation would have whispered Retreat. In Gaelic his name is Mac an léigh—son of the physician. There was a famous family of doctors in Mull, Bethune by name, and probably the Livingstones are descended from them. Livingstone himself was under the impression that his name was Mac an liath—son of the Grey-headed—but in this

THE MAN WHO OPENED UP AFRICA 3

he was mistaken. Had he known the real meaning of his name in the language of his ancestors, he would have had a sense of its appropriateness. In Lismore, one of his race was the hereditary guardian of a stone which had great healing powers. The water in which that stone was submerged cured diverse diseases. In the old language the stone was called, *Clach Bheo*—the living stone—hence the English form of his name.

His father was a man of great earnestness and puritanic sternness. He was a travelling tea merchant of necessity, but a missionary by vocation. That he might be able to read the Bible to his mother in the only language she rightly knew, he learned Gaelic. And Livingstone's mother was the granddaughter of a stern Covenanter from Shotts. In her the grimness had been transfigured into a great tenderness. It was her spirit of love that his whole life reflected. In that lowly home at Blantyre he was born on March 19th, 1813, and his early years were a fit preparation for a life of strenuous self-denial. At the age of ten he began work in the factory, and he toiled from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. But nothing could daunt his pursuit after knowledge. Even in the factory he devoured books. He had a book so placed on the spinning-jenny that he could catch sentence after sentence as he

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passed at his work. The longest he could have at one time was less than a minute ! With part of his first week's wages he bought Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin, and, as the result of night schools (just think of the boy working to eight o'clock, and then going to a night school !), he says :—" I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now." Little wonder that the spirit which thus conquered difficulties at sixteen carried the man across the trackless wastes of the unknown.

At the age of twenty he was awakened to the realisation of the great realities of life, and he determined to become a missionary. How he went to Glasgow and was very comfortable in the High Street " at a half a crown a week " ; how he prosecuted his medical studies wholly at his own charges ; how he volunteered for China and was sent to Africa—that tale can be read in many books. He applied to the London Missionary Association, and was put in training under probation. He very narrowly escaped being rejected. When he was called upon to preach his first sermon, he gave out his text very deliberately—and then he forgot everything. " Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," he said, and, hurriedly descending from the pulpit, left the chapel. The same thing

happened to John Knox in St. Andrews. It was only through the special appeal of one who understood that he got a second chance. When he was appointed to Africa, he came north to bid his parents farewell, and on the last night father and son talked over the prospects of Christian missions. "They agreed that the time would come when rich men and great men would think it an honour to support whole stations of missionaries, instead of spending their money on hounds and horses." That midnight talk by the humble Scottish fireside, when these sons of poverty filled the lowly room with visions of the world transfigured through the transfiguration of the hearts of the rich and great, strikes a chord which stirs the blood. And in the morning, when father and son walked to the steamer at the Broomielaw they communed together of the same mighty enterprise. The nation that produces such men is rich. They never met again on earth. Fifteen years later, when the old man was dying and his son coming home a famous man, he left this message for him :—" I think I'll know whatever is worth knowing about him ; tell him I think so."



It was in 1841, being then twenty-eight years of age, that Livingstone started on his career in Africa. " In the glow of love which Chris-

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tianity inspires, I resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery," he wrote, and through his after-life there glowed that high purpose. His work falls into two periods—1841–1852, when he was a missionary; and 1852–1873, when he was an explorer. But he never regarded himself as an explorer, but as a pioneer missionary. In the first period he suffered greatly at the hands of the Boers. He fixed his station at Maboka, and married Mary Moffat, daughter of Dr. Moffat, the "greatest of South African missionaries." The chief Sechéle embraced Christianity, and the whole tribe were being brought under Christian influence. The Boers resented any effort to elevate the blacks, whom they looked on as "black property." During Livingstone's absence the Boers attacked and plundered the town, and carried off two hundred of the mission children as slaves. They burned the mission house and the school. All his books and property were destroyed. "The Boers gutted our house," wrote Livingstone to his wife, "... they then went to church morning and afternoon and heard Mebalwe preach." "The Boers kill the blacks without compunction, and without provocation, because they believe they have no souls." This experience had a great influence on Livingstone's life. The horrors of the slave

trade began to burn into his soul. The first step was to get that awful trade abolished. To his mission station there had come a great English traveller, William Cotton Oswell. With him he discovered Lake Nygami. Never had a man truer or nobler friend than Livingstone found in Oswell. It was Oswell who enabled him to send his wife and children home. And Livingstone started on his career as an explorer. His purpose was to find an outlet to the sea either to the east or west, an outlet by which legitimate trade might be established. "I shall open up Africa or perish," was his resolution.

The record of Livingstone's journeys is one full of unparalleled heroism, suffering, and endurance. Through swamps and deserts with a handful of followers, he made his way till he came to Loanda. During the six months of that journey he was never free from fever. Time and again his followers threatened to desert. Then in an agony he would fall on his knees in his tent and cry, "O, Almighty God, help! help! Leave not this wretched people to the slave-dealer and Satan." In a pitiable plight he reached the Portuguese settlement and found succour. But he established by that journey the fact that the country through which he passed, so far from being a sterile waste, was highly fertile, with a magnificent waterway. At

Loanda he had the opportunity of returning home, but he felt bound to go back and restore his twenty-seven attendants—the Makololo—to their own country. And back he went, plunging again into the unknown wastes, and did not rest until he restored them to their homes. The outlet on the west having proved unsatisfactory, he now turned east, and made his way through manifold perils to Quilimane. It was on this journey that he discovered the Victoria Falls—that second Niagara which appealed so greatly to the popular imagination. And then, at the end of four years of heroic labour, he received intimation from the London Missionary Society that they could not continue to support a work “connected only remotely with the spread of the Gospel.” The ineptitude of this action could scarcely be exceeded. These men had no conception of mission work save that of a mission station where work was rendered useless by slave raids and ceaseless wars. Livingstone, with the eye of a statesman, looked at the situation as a whole, sought for outlets for trade which would eventually destroy the slave traffic, surveyed the land with an eye to the routes along which the forces of civilisation might come and the places where settlements could be made. The whole future lay with him and his labours, and yet the London Missionary Society had no

use for him. "I have been seven times in peril of my life from savage men while laboriously and without swerving pursuing that plan, and never doubting that I was in the path of duty." And he would not be hindered by any society of blind men.



From Quilimane he returned home after an absence of fifteen years, and was received everywhere as a national hero. Honours were showered upon him everywhere. The greatest result was the foundation of the Universities Mission. In 1857 he visited Cambridge and addressed the University. "He stood before us, a plain, single-minded man, somewhat attenuated by years of toil," wrote Professor Sedgwick. The concluding words of his address are historic. "I beg to direct your attention to Africa: I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to try and make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. *I leave it with you.*" He left it with them—and the great Universities Mission on Lake Nyasa is the proof of the power of the man to rouse and to inspire.

How he went back to Africa and explored the Zambesi, the Shiré, and discovered Lake

Nyasa ; how the Universities Mission was at first a tragic failure ; how he crossed the Indian Ocean in a small river steamer, navigated by himself ; how he came back home again ; and how he returned to Africa and spent the last two years of his life searching for the source of the Nile ; how he was in dire distress, and Henry Stanley rescued him ; and how at last he died in a hut, May 1st, 1873, giving his life for Africa—these things are recorded by many. There is no story of romance or derring-do that equals the record of them. And certainly in all history there is no story that moves the heart more than that which tells how Susi and Chuma embalmed the body and set forth, determined to hand it over to his own people. Because some tribes objected to a dead body passing through their borders they disguised it as a packet of merchandise. A journey which made Stanley and his men thin and grey, these men went through on foot, scorning perils for the love of the dead man. And when at last, worn and prostrate, they handed over the body to the English officials, they were received coldly, and not even thanked. What were these officials to do with so embarrassing a burden ? And only a dead missionary after all ! But when the nation realised what they had done, and when the hero was borne to his resting-place in West-

THE MAN WHO OPENED UP AFRICA 11

minster Abbey, where the race garners the finest of its wheat—then Susi and Chuma were not without their honour or reward. And there are still people who say that the African cannot rise to noble feelings or to noble thoughts !



Why is it that David Livingstone is placed among the greatest benefactors of the human race and the most heroic of the sons of men ? He added to human knowledge as no man before him or after him. When he set forth, the map of Africa was a blank from Kuruman to Timbuctoo. He was a trained scientist, and he recorded everything with geographical accuracy ; but, best of all, he entered into the lives of the people, looking at them with the eyes of love, winning their affection, sharing their joys and sorrows. He added to the known parts of the globe about one million square miles. No explorer can equal that record. And he did it with an equipment so poor and mean that in these days his instruments would not be lifted out of the mud. But in great work it is not the instrument that counts, but the man.

Above all he was a humble Christian who bore in his heart the sufferings of humanity. There have been persistent efforts made to represent Livingstone as primarily an explorer and only secondarily a missionary. For this distortion

Sir Harry Johnston is mainly responsible. But no man can read his letters and journals without realising that this man was first of all a man of God before whose eyes shone ever the vision of a world waiting to be transfigured by God. It is inevitable that those who cannot see his vision should misjudge him, and seek to pull him down to their own level. Surely Livingstone knew himself better than even Sir Harry Johnston knows him. And Livingstone's declaration regarding himself is this: "I am a missionary heart and soul. God had an only son and He was a missionary. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am or wish to be. In this service I hope to live, in it I wish to die." And it was as a missionary that he roused the world. It is his glory that he stirred the conscience of the nations so that the slave trade was abolished in Africa. The horrors of that trade burn the pages of his diaries and letters. All the agony of his soul expressed itself in that cry of anguish which he uttered in a letter to the *New York Herald*, a few months ere he died, pleading that America should do something to help: "All I can say in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world." These words are now gravated on his tomb in Westminster. The world that scarcely

listened to him living, roused itself to action at his death. It was expedient that one man should die for the people. To-day the slave trade is dead. The open sore of the world is healed. That is David Livingstone's monument.

If one part of the secret of his power was an indomitable will and an unfaltering courage, still the mightiest power of the man lay in his sympathy and tenderness. He conquered by love.

And, last of all, no small part of his power lay in this—that he had a rich sense of humour. “Whenever he began to laugh,” wrote Stanley, who knew him only when prematurely old and worn, “there was a contagion about it . . . it was a laugh of the whole man from head to heels. . . . The wan features, the heavy step . . . belied the man. Underneath there lay an endless fund of high spirits and inexhaustible humour.” It was through this spirit that he came into camaraderie with African chiefs when everything else failed. And he could not abide cant; when the pious lady examined him as to the feelings of his soul, when the lion was about to devour him, he answered, “I was wondering which part of me he would eat first!”

The life of this man reflected the beauty of true religion as few lives have done. He had no stock in littleness. If he went forth to the

wilds carrying the religious prejudices of his race, he returned with his heart filled with charity. When surveyed from the heart of Africa the Churches, Established and non-Established, did not appear to differ so very much ! His spirit was the spirit of sweet reasonableness. When fanatics found fault because he permitted work on the Sabbath—necessary work in constructing his steamer—he wrote that “it is a pity some people cannot see that the true and honest discharge of the common duties of everyday life is divine service.” He was often blamed and often found fault with—but he never blamed others. His whole life was dominated by one purpose—the service of men in the love of God. With him the end of the geographical feat was only the beginning of the enterprise—that enterprise which was the building up of the Kingdom of God in Africa. He leaves that enterprise with us still. So long as self-sacrifice, heroism, devotion to God, and love to men are honoured upon the earth, so long will the name of David Livingstone shine resplendent in the firmament amid the galaxy of the noble and the great ; and so long will his life make its appeal to all that is noblest in men, summoning them to arise and go forth and fight the battle of the Lord. “Providence seems to call me to the regions beyond. I will go no

matter what opposes.” And he went—following the gleam. In his footsteps have followed a noble company—and a greater will follow still. “I never met a man,” wrote Sir Bartle Frere, “who fulfilled more completely his idea of a perfect Christian gentleman.” David Livingstone was a great Christian and—a very gallant gentleman.

CHAPTER I

ON THE ZAMBESI

IT was the wicker basket into which we were ordered to step on the deck of the *Dunvegan Castle* that made us realise that at last we were to land in Africa. Hitherto we had seen towns with electric cars and electric light—weird products of corrugated iron and a utilitarian architecture. But six men in a basket hoisted on a crane and dumped on the deck of a German tug in the blazing sunshine of a cloudless tropical morning, with the shore a faint line of sand in the far distance—that seemed a fitting entrance into the land of mystery.

Time and again we were told that Chinde, at which we were to land, was the most unhealthy place in Africa, malaria-infested, mosquito-haunted; but a drill-clad official in the tug assured us that it was the healthiest spot in East Africa! There were sea breezes blowing from the ocean which swept all malaria germs inland from the swamps. All the others

on that tug affirmed on soul and conscience that it was so—a health resort that would invigorate the most enfeebled !

The great difficulty of the traveller amid such conflicting testimonies is to know whom he is to believe !

If any place be predestined to be unhealthy, then Chinde is that place. The Zambesi branches out into seven channels at its mouth, and on the south navigable channel in this delta of sand and mud stands Chinde. Its only claim to importance is that it is the port of entrance into the Zambesi. As we approach across the bar we see a huddle of corrugated iron houses dumped down anywhere. The channel of the river is crowded with ships—stern-wheelers, Portuguese gunboats that seldom or never leave their moorings, a dhow from Zanzibar, canoes, and sailing ships, and when we step ashore the feet sink to the ankles in hot sand. Everywhere is sand—on road and street—and everywhere the feet sink and slip. But here is Africa. The crowd on the beach are of every race and every colour ; Zanzibar boys carved out of the night ; Indian merchants with gold-embroidered caps and spangled waistcoats ; Portuguese, cigarette in mouth ; natives, naked but for the loin-cloth ; and everywhere the ubiquitous Scotsman.

It is pleasant to hear it there—the accent redolent of St. Mungo and Dundee ! Three out of every four British subjects in Chinde are Scotsmen. Out of six general managers of banks in South Africa, five are Scotsmen ! The Scot has verily gone forth to possess, if not the earth, at least its gold. And wherever he is he radiates geniality at every pore—on his own countrymen !

There is over Chinde an imploring atmosphere of evanescence and decay. Its newness is owing to this, that it has continually to be rebuilt. The river is for ever encroaching on its banks, and altering the course of its channel. Where Chinde stood twenty years ago the tugs anchor to-day. In twenty other years it will be the same. What is now Chinde will then be engulfed. And now it is threatened not only by the river, but by the railway. A new railway is to be constructed from Beira to Port Herald, making a junction there with the Nyasaland Railway. When that railway is opened Chinde will be side-tracked. The traffic and passengers will go by rail from Beira. Thus, the traveller of the future will not know Chinde. He will not make the acquaintance of the British Concession or the Portuguese Customs. He will know nothing of its strange, old-world atmosphere. From the hotel the writer had to return to the British

Concession to fetch a suit of pyjamas. He was returning with them on his arm, when he was refused passage through the gate. He must get them passed through the Portuguese Customs. The Custom-house stood twenty yards away, and he turned thither. Again he was stopped. No goods can be received at the Portuguese Customs unless they land from the sea. A canoe was launched, and ten yards further down the beach the garments were landed, and now passed triumphantly through the Customs. The purpose of all that ceremonial cannot be even guessed at. It is part of the atmosphere of Chinde.

On the morrow we left Chinde in a flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamer. On each side a large barge was lashed, so that in reality it was three boats and not one on which we embarked. The steamer carries the passengers, and the flanking barges the cargo. This form of navigation is necessitated by the fact that the windings of the river make it impossible to tow the barges astern, and owing to the innumerable and ever-changing sand-banks the draught of a ship can only be about two feet. Part of the heart-breaking trouble which Dr. Livingstone had with that first steamer that broke the silence of the Zambesi was owing to the fact that it required five feet of water. With

his second steamer it was the same. Only once on the journey up did the *Milliped* take the ground. There was a swish heard below, a grumble and a groan, and we were fast. Then the negro crew, thirty in number, shouted and jabbered. Each seized his bamboo pole, and together they pushed with such effect that soon we were on our way again. Sometimes while the black crew are pushing and shouting tragedy supervenes. On the journey down that same month a crocodile, watching his opportunity, seized one of the black boys as he stood on a sand-bank, and, with a swirl, he disappeared for ever. Death is never very far away on the Zambesi. When the river is low, a day or two on a sand-bank is no uncommon experience. Dr. Livingstone, with his *Pioneer*, spent weeks on sand-banks. But it is because of him that we now voyage in comfort and safety.

The world little knows
The debt that it owes
To the hewer and blazer of trails.

It was not only the sand-banks that Livingstone had to contend with, but also the "dog-in-the-manger" policy of the Portuguese. They were unable to develop the Zambesi themselves, and they would not allow its development by others. One of their protective methods was

the prohibition of the cutting of firewood for the fuel of his steamer. Livingstone saw that unless the Zambesi were made a free highway for the commerce of the nations the effort to open up the country would be impossible. It was only in 1891 that Lord Salisbury made a treaty with the Portuguese, realising the policy of Livingstone, and the Zambesi awoke from its sleep with the humming of stern-wheels.



To sail up the Zambesi is to feel as if one were setting forth into the sunset and beyond. So long as we sailed up the Chinde river, that dreary branch of the Zambesi delta, the high banks are covered by dense forests of mangroves. The scenery is not altogether pleasing. The mangrove springs from mud, and its native clime is the evil-smelling ooze. It is the shrine of darkness and impenetrable gloom, the home of the night-jar and the ugly land-crab. No glimpse of grassy plain is anywhere visible. But, when the main stream of the Zambesi is reached, then, as we proceed upward, curtain after curtain is raised, and the glory of Africa is slowly revealed. The banks are strata of clay and sand, honeycombed by swifts and sand-martins, which circle round their nests, and over them the green reeds wave in the breeze, and in the sluggish

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backwaters the beautiful papyrus grass delights the eye with its vivid green. Beyond the bank, acacias and pale-green elms form the background ; and here and there in the distance, in groups and singly, the straight-trunked, clean-cut palms tower some seventy feet above the forest. What church spires are to the green landscape of England the palm trees are to the valley of the Zambesi. They compel the lifting of the eyes heavenward. And the river itself is brown, coffee-coloured, and along its sluggish stream are carried little islands of duckweed. These floating islets of palish green are an endless delight to the eye. And over all is the African sunshine. Ah ! those who are ever confined within the shores of Britain little know the glory and the power of the sun. Here, where it shines from a sky of deepest blue and falls on the variegated glory of the tropical verdure, transfiguring palm trees into fairy spires, and still lagoons into burnished sheets of blue dappled with gold ; here, where its level rays gleam on the river until it glows as silver, and the fleecy clouds are reflected in its depths—here one understands how natural it is that man should be a sun worshipper. As the day wears on to evening the sun touches the wanderer and invites him to enter the inner sanctuary. It sinks westward, swimming in glory. A blue



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haze falls over a hushed world. Light clouds are transmuted into purple and gold. They shine on the quiet reaches of the river. Here and there it looks as if a fleece of emerald and gleaming jewels were floating on the current. The blue deepens. And then all of a sudden the curtain falls. But ere it is dark the air becomes full of the flapping of wings. Grey herons, white egrets, spur-winged geese, ducks, plovers, curlews are flying in coveys. The air is full of the hum of insects. All around is multitudinous life. All through the night the song of nature's joy goes on unceasing. The glory of the sun gives place to the glory of the moon. It is a world of wonder, of mystery, of radiance—this world of beauty which the withdrawn curtain reveals to the eye in the valley of the Zambesi. At night the steamer anchors, and all through the darkness which is not dark the waking ear hears the lapping of the current at the prows and along the sides of the three-fold ship.



Along the banks are to be seen here and there the bee-hived huts of the natives. From the steamer the straw-thatched villages with their warm, dull colouring are things of beauty. But the glamour vanishes when one comes near and enters. They are a happy race these dark

children of the sun. They are ever talking and ever laughing. They know no care. They are not yoked to the chariot of endless toil. The banana trees shadow their kraals, and they have but to stretch forth their hands and eat. The fertile soil and the glowing sun make everything grow, and that with the smallest of labour. Compared to the dwellers in the barren Hebrides, the native of the Zambesi lives in a land flowing with milk and honey. But as life is so easy of sustenance he will not labour. He builds his hut regardless of hygiene. On the banks of the Shiré villages stand in water, the river being in flood. The huts are built on piles, and the natives in the rainy season live in the upper part. Each hut is an island, and between them canoes ply. When the question was asked why they built their houses in such places when dry land was so near, the answer was that these were the most valuable plots, for when the river receded, leaving a deposit of thick soil on the gardens, then anything would grow without labour. The huts standing out of the water are owned by the aristocrats of the Bantus. But pneumonia unfailingly claims its charges. These people live in an earthly paradise, but in it there is the serpent. There is the witch-doctor, ready ever to relieve a man of his enemy by a charge which may

mean the trial by poison ; there is the fear of a world haunted by spirits ; and there is the mosquito.

There is doubtless a day coming when the Zambesi valley, whose surface has not so much as been scratched by man, will become a granary—a garden of the Lord. But ere that day comes malaria will need to be conquered by science. At present malaria is traced to the mosquito, but the real source of the malaria is the place where the mosquito is infected with the germ. Were malaria conquered there would be no limit to the possible development of the valley of the Zambesi. Its fruit and its grain would enrich the world.



On the second evening the ship was tied for the night to the bank at Shupanga. It was here that Mrs. Livingstone died on the 11th April, 1862. In the morning ere the sun was up we made a pilgrimage to her grave. As we walked up the bank the captain recalled how Livingstone was named by the natives the “Dew-dispeller,” because of his habit of early rising. The house where she died stands as it was then. It was a Jesuit mission, but when the religious orders were exiled by the new Portuguese Republic, the fathers went away weeping. Their place was taken by German

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priests, and so the work goes on. The low, white-washed buildings are extensive, flanked by chapel and workshops. A well-kept piece of ground slopes to the river, planted with aloes and cotton trees. There is a large fruit garden. In the little burying-ground Mary Livingstone sleeps in the company of mission priests who here served and died. Fifty years ago in this beautiful spot Livingstone experienced the deepest sorrow of his life. "Do you notice any change?" asked Dr. Stewart of Livingstone when she was just gone. "Yes," he replied with eyes fixed on the dead face, "the very features and expression of her father." In life she had sorrow and trouble. Many said that her husband went into the wilds because of unhappiness at home. It was a cruel falsehood, but her nerves quivered as if at the knife. It was this charge that drove her hither. She had no gift of pious speech, and found no favour with the glib. But she was an ideal missionary's wife, and how her husband's heart was wrung his writings show. Her grave is covered by a massive stone, and on the upright slab is a small cross. A great tree overshadows it. As we turned away with softened hearts the rim of the rising sun, blood-red, rose in the east, and, sudden as the flare of trumpets, the whole valley was flooded with light. The world awoke to life and beauty,

and far down, stretching to the east, glowed the Zambesi, a sheet of molten silver winding through the land. In a few minutes the ship was loosed from the bank, and we set forth westward with a hunger for the beyond.



As we rise higher up the river there is a great increase in the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation. Palms become more numerous, and lovely green trailers of deepest mauve and white centred convolvulus hang over the banks. The wealth of nature's profusion is overwhelming. Away in the northward a mountain peak appears dim on the horizon. As we journey upwards it looms higher and higher. It is the Morambala mountain, the first outpost of the Shiré Highlands. At the distance it appears as one mass, but when we skirt its base it is transformed into a panorama of undulating heights. Here are great peaks rising to 5000 feet, rocky escarpments and foothills clothed with trees. One mass looks like Ben Nevis, and a peak resembles a spur of the Coolins. Amid tropical verdure the steamer winds its way round their bases. Behind a range to the west the sun sets slowly ; in the east the moon arises. The air is filled with multitudinous life. There is an outburst of apocalyptic colour. A great cloud overhead glows red in the centre, and shades

off in edges of luminous straw colour. The river reflects the dappled sky and the burning cloud. And again suddenly the curtain falls. But ere the light dies the captain points to a white speck on the slope of the hills. "Before the missionaries came," said he, "that was the farthest outpost of civilisation toward Nyasa—the last station westward of the Portuguese; but now there is no boundary to the march of civilisation," and he waved his hand towards the hills of Nyasaland, faint and blue in the far distance.

It need not be said that the captain is a Scotsman. For fifteen years he has lived in the tropics. He is the only white man in charge—all the crew are natives. He is captain and engineer—he is everything. But the crew have been trained to do his will. He explained how there are so few missionaries on the Zambesi. "It is the malaria," said he; "a living missionary is better than a dead missionary." Until malaria is overcome the Zambesi valley can only be evangelised by the native Christian. It was he who explained the prejudice of many traders against mission boys. "Only the refuse of the missions," said he, "come hither—the failures who have been expelled for misconduct from the schools. The right mission boys stay and work at home building up the Church of the

future.” He explained also how the native Christians were not all satisfactory. “You cannot change vultures into doves in one generation.” He is a Burger by descent, and a United Presbyterian by upbringing, and he tells with a smile how he received a notice demanding the payment of a heritor’s assessment for the parish manse at home. He, a Burger, to receive such a bill on the Zambesi ! “Did you pay it ?” was the question asked. “Yes, I did,” he answered, “for you see out here on the Zambesi a man’s mind gets broadened.” He believes in the “Auld Kirk” as a bulwark against the Pope ! He is a true Burger in his attitude of godly resistance to the Papacy. At home in Dundee or on the Zambesi the Scot is still the same. But on the Zambesi his horizon is wider, and he sees the difference between the Morombala mountain and an ant-hill.



It might be an earthly paradise, this land through which we are slowly sailing, ever entering into greater glories. But earthly splendour may be a prison-house for the soul. Environment means nothing to the spirit lying dormant in darkness. Leaning on the taffrail the captain tells a story of his first voyage while his eye is watching for a place to anchor for the night. Near this very place he heard shouting, and

turning he saw a crowd of natives wildly gesticulating on the bank. They were yelling to a woman who was swimming out towards the steamer. Instantly he ordered a boat to be lowered. The black boys hesitated, but fleeing from the wrath of his words they rushed to the rescue. They hauled the woman on board and awaited orders. "Land her on the bank," was the order. And quickly they rowed her ashore, while she wailed and cried. They came back muttering *Afiti*. In a few minutes the woman broke again from the mob on the bank, plunged into the river, and swam with strong strokes towards the steamer. Again the captain ordered the boat to her help, and again the black boys hesitated, muttering, *Afiti*. But again they were swept before his anger to her help; and again she was handed over, wailing in despair, to the crowd that danced on the bank. It was only afterwards he understood what it meant. The poor woman had been denounced by the witch-doctor as an *Afiti*. An *Afiti* is a person who is supposed to have caused the death of others by witchcraft. A sudden death happened in her village. The witch-doctor was sent for. He made inquiries. She may have been unpopular and he fixed upon her, singling her out of the trembling multitude. And she fled.

"It has often come over me since," said the

captain, wiping his brow ; “ I might have saved her.”

“ What did they do to her ? ” I asked.

“ Oh ! they would give her the poison-cup—(*Mwave*)—or burn her—and I might have saved her had I known ! ”

It is not an earthly paradise this in the midst of which we are sailing. Behind the veil of loveliness lie the habitations of cruelty and death. These men cower before the forces they understand not ; and no man knows when the hour may come when the Poison-ordeal shall be meted out to him. For the soul it is a land of trembling and affright. It is the realm of darkness and the shadow of death through which we are sailing.

CHAPTER II

THE ROMANCE OF NYASALAND

NYASALAND is the latest of all the great provinces added to the British Empire. It was not by the action of its Government, but by the adventuresome spirit and the heroic deeds of individuals, often frowned upon and sometimes disowned by the statesmen who ruled far away at home, that the boundaries of the Empire have been steadily extended. It has been so here in Nyasa. It was a handful of Scotsmen who secured for the British Crown this province, which is destined to become one of its brightest jewels—a land of valleys and hills and slopes, of lakes and rivers, of palm trees and pomegranates, flowing with cotton, coffee, rubber, and tobacco ! From its hills the winds blow fresh as from Ben Cruachan, while the valleys are filled with the glory of tropical verdure. The story of how the Union Jack came to wave its folds over this great territory, bringing with its unfurling unbroken peace to a land harassed by endless raids and wars, is the

last romance of the growth of the Empire. To Scotsmen no record can be the source of more legitimate pride than that which tells how Nyasaland was brought within the circuit of the Empire.

The beginning goes back to 1859, when Livingstone made his way for the first time to the Shiré Highlands. As he went hither and thither he noted how suitable these high lands were as sites for mission stations, and how fitted the land was for the cultivation of cotton. (To-day cotton plantations are multiplying over all the land.) The first effort of the Universities' Mission having ended in disaster, Nyasaland was left alone with its slave raids and tribal wars until 1874. It was the death of Livingstone that brought life to Nyasaland. The story of that lonely death at Ilala greatly stirred the heart of Scotland. The General Assemblies in the following year resolved to begin missionary operations, and thus raise in East Africa memorials worthy of the great missionary. Under the leadership of Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, the Free Church sent an expedition to select a site and found a mission. Along with the expedition went Henry Henderson representing the Church of Scotland—a happy beginning of the policy of Union. In Australia it had often fallen to Henderson to select the sites of ranches and sheep farms, and he

brought an experienced eye to bear on the Shiré Highlands. The Free Church party selected the promontory of Cape Maclear, on Lake Nyasa, as their site, and so founded the great Livingstonia Mission, over which Dr. Laws presides—the veteran missionary of Nyasa. But Henry Henderson, after sailing round the shores of Lake Nyasa, found no site that he thought desirable, and he turned back to the Shiré Highlands. He remembered the hills he had passed, and the wind that blew fresh from them, and after wandering in these uplands he fixed on a site encircled by seven hills. Had Henry Henderson done nothing else than fix on the site which he chose, he would be entitled to the lasting gratitude of the Church of Scotland. Not only was the site the best in itself, but he turned back from Lake Nyasa and planted the mission on the highway to the sea, as if he were determined at least to keep the line of communication open for the Livingstonia Mission. There the Church of Scotland founded the mission of Blantyre, and if you want a definite date for the beginning of modern history in these regions, that date would be October 23rd, 1876. For on the evening of that day the party that was following Henry Henderson from Scotland arrived at the site which he chose, and ate their evening meal in the shadow of an old fig tree which stands a

stone-throw from the beautiful church of Blantyre—that church by the erection of which Clement Scott took possession of this land for Christianity. They were not a very united party that rested under the fig tree, for those who came out after Henderson thought they were going to Lake Nyasa; they had a boat for the lake, and it was hard to part with it; and it was only after much arguing that Henderson prevailed upon them, when he met them on the Shiré river, to abandon their dream of the lake and turn to the hills. But Henderson was the pioneer, and he knew how to get his own way.



It was a troubled and disheartening experience that which awaited the pioneer missionaries. Grievous mistakes were made; failure followed failure; the General Assembly debated the question whether the mission should be abandoned. It was that great leader Dr. Archibald Scott, of St. George's, that saved the situation. If they had met with failure and if wrong had been done, they were bound to pursue their adventure until failure became success and until the wrong was righted. Thus did he lay down the law to the Assembly, and Blantyre was saved. Thereupon Clement Scott was sent out, and the Blantyre Mission started on its great career. At the lake, Dr. Laws was building up his mission, lengthen-

ing its cords and strengthening its stakes. Rumours of the good land among the hills reached Scotland, and little companies of planters and traders made their way up from the coast. A company was formed by wealthy Free Church members for the promotion of trade—a dream of Livingstone's—and the African Lakes Corporation rapidly became a power. But in those days there was no king in Israel. The Portuguese held the banks of the Zambesi and the coastline; the furthest outpost of British territory was Rhodesia far in the south; the only authority in Nyasaland was wielded by petty chiefs, and the country was in a state of incessant unrest. The Yaos and the Angoni were alternately raiders and raided. Everywhere the slave traffic cast its deadly shadow over the land. At the north of Lake Nyasa the Arabs established a stronghold whence their marauding parties descended like vultures upon their victims. In those days the missions and the African Lakes Corporation exercised sovereign power. They waged war on the Arabs. They pressed Captain Lugard (now Sir F. Lugard) into their service. It was at Blantyre that a meeting was held in the manse of the Scottish Mission which urged Captain Lugard to proceed to the north of Lake Nyasa and take charge of the campaign against the Arabs. As a result

of that meeting the whole history of Central Africa was changed. Had that campaign not been entered upon, Nyasaland would have fallen a prey to Islam. When tidings came to the Mission that the attack on the Arab stockade had failed, the cloud of anxiety deepened over the handful of white men who had shouldered the burden of responsibility. What these things meant to those anxious hearts cannot be better expressed than it is in the following letter received by the Mission from the seat of war:—

“ We have all been feeling more or less downhearted since Mr. Fred. Moir left and took away Dr. Cross with him, because if any of us get wounded or disabled in any way, there is no one who understands anything about dressing wounds, neither is there any stock of medicine. There are six of us here, the exact number required to keep up the night watches, so if any one of us falls sick or feels out of sorts, some unfortunate has to take a double watch.

“ Our native food ran short. I was asked to take the boat up to the north end of the lake to buy food: on my return I was agreeably surprised to find the steamer had arrived the night before. On board were some twenty white men, with Mr. John Moir and Captain Lugard, who had kindly offered to take charge of the expedition. A fair quantity of guns and

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ammunition had also come, but neither war rockets nor dynamite. The absence of the two last-mentioned articles was certainly a damper, because we had all made up our minds that without them those stockades could not be taken and it would simply be throwing away life to attempt it. However, as all the new-comers seemed so confident, we kept quiet and only hoped the war would be finished in a week, as they all seemed to think it would be.

“We very soon found out the advantage of having a man like Captain Lugard at the head of affairs. We were all kept busy. The natives who up to this time had houses inside our fort were put outside and another stockade built. A powder magazine was also made, and a more hopeful and contented feeling seemed to spring up.

“Captain Lugard soon made his arrangements. The native allies were divided into troops with three white men to each troop. We drilled every day. Twice Captain Lugard with a small party went up at night to the Arab village to spy the position. The village (Kopakopa's) we intended to attack first, had only been lately built, so very little was known about it except that it was very strong: a fact which we found out to our cost.

“Captain Lugard kept his plans quiet in case the Arabs should get information; even the night of attack was not known. At last one

evening we were told to serve out extra ammunition to our different companies and that we would march that evening about 9 p.m. to arrive at the Arab stockade before daylight broke. We were all ready and started in great spirits. We were so arranged that on the signal being given we would attack on all sides. As might have been expected, having the man we had at the head of affairs, all the arrangements were well planned, there was no hitch anywhere, but we had too hard a nut to crack and the attack was a failure.

“About half an hour before daybreak we were all in line, as yet undiscovered, and when the signal was given we all went quietly up. We would have got up close before the Arabs knew of our coming, but unfortunately a large ravine (about which we knew nothing) stopped our way, broke up our ranks and prevented our getting up to the stockade in one unbroken line. However, the pluckiest of the natives rushed up with the white men and the assault began.

“When we got up close, we found a very strong stockade some ten feet high, made of three rows of young green wood, the spaces between the rows filled with earth. The wood was all twisted and tied together, and formed a strong solid wall which was almost impregnable. We could not climb over owing to the long bramble thorns which hung down from the top. Behind the stockade, the Arabs had dug a ditch and thrown

up more earth against the stockade. About two feet six inches from the ground they had made holes for firing through, very little holes which in the early dawning we could not at first find until an Arab gun flashed a bullet, just missed or struck one. When we found where the firing holes were, we soon drove the Arabs back from the stockade, but that did not help us over. Captain Lugard was, I believe, the only man who attempted to climb it, and he was at once shot down with a bullet through both forearms. He had to retire, leaving the command with Mr. Sharpe, who saw the hopelessness of taking the stockade.

“Two white men had been shot, about twenty natives. The natives were all disheartened and were gradually retiring. We got back somehow, very unwilling to admit our being beaten. What damage we did to the Arab we cannot yet say, but it must have been considerable.

“The failure of this attack showed plainly how useless it was to attempt to storm a strong stockade with raw natives, without a field gun or war rockets. Captain Lugard said afterwards that if he had known the strength of the place, he would not have tried it with the force he had; no military commander would in ordinary circumstances think of attempting it with less than two or three field guns and a full regiment of infantry. With a large gun of course we would batter the place down or at least make a breach,

then rush up, and the place would be easily taken. While the breach was being made, the troops could be halted out of fire.

“ Looking back on the affair one cannot help wondering how we were not all killed, instead of only two of us. You may understand how close the firing was, when several of my troop had their clothes set on fire from the flame coming out of the Arab guns. Those of the natives killed or wounded alongside of myself were men who had worked under me for some time. Poor fellows, we buried them at Karonga’s.

“ I do not think it is exactly fair to ask men either white or black to face such fearful odds. Most of us came out to this country with anything but fighting ideas in our heads. We are now no nearer the end than we were when the Arabs first broke out. It does seem a hard thing to think of giving up Lake Nyasa to the Arabs, but that is what will happen shortly unless help comes from outside. I do not see how the African Lakes Company can possibly stand the brunt alone.”

But though the high hopes of those who yearned to destroy the slave trade were not at once fulfilled, yet the attention of the authorities at home was called to the pressing danger and preparations were steadily made for meeting it. If they were not able to destroy the slave trade,

they at least kept it in check. In the Shiré Highlands, however, the tribes were being slowly brought to live in peace, and the country was settling down to the work of planting and reaping when another and a greater danger appeared on the horizon.



In 1888 the small Scottish colony was greatly alarmed by reports that the Portuguese were contemplating an advance into the interior, that they might formally take possession of the territories claimed by Portugal, including the Shiré Highlands. These Scotsmen had no reason to love the Portuguese, for they impeded the traffic on the Zambesi, imposed prohibitive duties, and in every way harassed the traders. When they realised that a Portuguese expedition was on its way up the Shiré river a meeting was held at Blantyre on September 24th, 1888. It is interesting to note the names of those who were present. They were Mr. John Moir, manager of the African Lakes Corporation ; Captain Lugard ; Rev. D. Clement Scott and Dr. Bowie, of the Blantyre Mission ; Mr. Warner, Universities' Mission, and Mr. David Buchanan, planter. These men resolved that Nyasaland should not fall under the yoke of Portugal, and appealed to the British Government for annexation to the Empire. The tribes on the Shiré river did

not know what to do. The Makololo whom Livingstone had settled on its banks appealed to Clement Scott for guidance. He advised them not to resist the Portuguese, and invited them to take refuge on the Mission lands. This invitation they accepted, with the exception of one chief. And it was that one chief who afterwards, as will be seen, saved the situation.

When the people in Scotland heard how their kinsmen were in peril of a foreign yoke in Africa, the instinct of the Scot to help and succour his own was instantly aroused. The Livingstonia Mission, beset by the Arabs at the north, and now threatened by the Portuguese from the south, cried to the home Church for help, and the Free Church of Scotland roused to action. The African Lakes Corporation, whose property and traffic were in danger, found sympathy and support from the merchants of Glasgow; and the Blantyre Mission appealed to the Church of Scotland through the leader of the General Assembly, Dr. Archibald Scott. In those anxious days Clement Scott records with gratitude how *The Scotsman* raised its powerful voice in their behalf and instructed the Government in the policy which the national interests demanded. A deputation of Scotsmen waited on Lord Salisbury. The deputation consisted of representatives of the Church of

Scotland, the Free Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the Universities' Mission, and the Scottish Planters. They stated their case and the ground of their fears to the Prime Minister. But at that time the burden of Empire seemed heavier than the nation could bear. It was felt impossible that the load on the shoulders of the Titan should be increased. And Lord Salisbury gave the deputation but little hope. He spread a large map (he once advised people to study large maps) on the table, and, having gazed awhile on Nyasaland, he put his hand with fingers outspread on the area in question. "It is a Protectorate you want," said he; "well—you cannot get it." And a disheartened deputation of dour Scotsmen returned across the Border. But Lord Salisbury was not yet done with the Scots. He sent Sir Harry Johnston up to Edinburgh to explain the impossibility of doing what they wished.

At a meeting held in 22 Queen Street, Sir Harry explained the position, offered to compromise, but the compromise left Blantyre and the missions within the Portuguese territory. The righteous indignation of Dr. Archibald Scott at this proposed betrayal was aroused, and immediate action was taken. It was necessary that Lord Salisbury should realise the force of public opinion in Scotland. A petition was

prepared from the office-bearers of the three Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and in a short time the petition was signed by eleven thousand ministers and elders of the Scottish Churches.¹ The perils which encompassed the missions in Nyasaland thus united the Scottish Churches in common action twenty-five years ago. Another deputation was sent to London to present the petition. It was headed by Dr. Archibald Scott, and introduced to Lord Salisbury by Lord Balfour of Burleigh. The petition was so large that it was bound in several volumes, and as Dr. Scott deposited with a bang each volume on the table before Lord Salisbury, he said, "This is the voice of Scotland." And Lord Salisbury this time spoke them fair. There were difficulties, but he would see what could be done. And he sent Sir H. Johnston as Commissioner out to Africa to examine and report. At the Shiré river, Sir H. Johnston met the Portuguese Expedition, and advised them to withdraw. But they refused. And Sir Harry interviewed the river chiefs, and gave them each a Union Jack, which they were to unfurl if the Portuguese molested them. In these days the ladies in the Blantyre Mission spent day and night in making Union Jacks for distribution among the native chiefs. The supply of Union

¹ See Appendix I.

Jacks in Nyasaland could not meet the demand. But Sir H. Johnston went north to the Lake Nyasa to settle the slave trade, and the Scotsmen in Blantyre and Livingstone spent anxious days, knowing not what the future had in store. Their greatest dread was this—that they who were the successors of David Livingstone should be handed over as a prey to the Portuguese.



Then with dramatic suddenness there occurred the incident which turned the scale and settled for all future time the fate of the Shiré Highlands. It was through the Makololo that deliverance came. On the banks of the Shiré, when his expeditions in these regions were ended, David Livingstone settled his Makololo followers. The Makololo were his friends and faithful servants in his wanderings and perils, and ere he left them he gave them guns and ammunition, and made them swear on the Bible that they would never engage in the slave trade. When the Portuguese advanced up the Shiré the Makololo took refuge at the Mission in Blantyre, but one chief remained behind, and with his followers resisted. One of the Makololo was wounded in the skirmish. In the heart of Africa it was nothing, and no result would have ensued. But the Portuguese officer, hungering for fame, sent a despatch to his Government

informing them of a great battle, which he fought and won. The burden of his telegram was : Great victory over the enemy ; 1200 of the Makololo slain.

When the news of this great victory reached Scotland there was a great outburst of indignation. They believed it. That in territory which David Livingstone had explored the Portuguese should slaughter 1200 men, and that these 1200 slain should be the faithful Makololo, the beloved of Livingstone—that was more than Scottish flesh and blood could bear. There is a wave of public feeling which no statesman can resist, even if he would. Probably Lord Salisbury had no wish to resist the will of Scotland, for immediately a British gunboat was sent up the Tagus, with instructions to embark the British Ambassador unless the Portuguese Government agreed immediately to withdraw its expedition from the Shiré river. The Portuguese Government yielded. Negotiations were entered upon, and in 1891, Nyasaland was proclaimed a British Protectorate. It was at last delivered from the terror of a foreign yoke, and now it would be inevitably delivered from the Arab slave-raiders. One wounded Makololo, transformed by a heated imagination into 1200 slain, worked the miracle. But in reality it was not the Makololo, nor yet the little band of

Scotsmen which held the heights of the Shiré, that added this great province to the Empire. It was David Livingstone, through whom alone the name Makololo had any meaning, and through whom alone these Scotsmen had come hither, and in whose name and spirit the land had been entered and possessed—it was he, dead yet living, who in reality annexed to the British Empire this the most beautiful territory in Africa.

Thus it came that the Shiré Highlands of Nyasa are to-day not a stagnant province of Portugal but one of the fairest provinces of the Empire. Stirring with life, pulsing with the energy of the young, its farthest recesses being slowly illuminated by the light of Christianity and civilisation, the Shiré Highlands have all the future for their own. The story of how this fair and rich province was rescued from war and slavery and a threatened tyranny by the missionaries of the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and a company of Glasgow traders, who had felt the inspiration of Scotland's greatest missionary, is one of which every Scotsman has reason to be proud. The race that in these days did that is still what it was. In Nyasaland the spears have been turned into pruning hooks ; the poison-cup of the witch-doctor has been dashed to the ground ; the yoke of the slave

driver has been broken ; the warrings of tribes have ceased ; the valleys are covered over with fruit and maize and cotton ; the love and charity which Christianity everywhere inspires are healing the woes of the afflicted under the shadow of the Cross ; along the new-made roads hasten alike the missionary and the trader ; prosperity is everywhere—hope is everywhere. These things missions have done in Nyasaland. Or, if you prefer it, statesmen have made them possible, urged and moved by missionaries. And yet there are those who do not believe in missions !

CHAPTER III

IN NYASALAND

IT was in the cool of the day that the engine pulled up at the Blantyre station, and it was as if one were transported by a magician's wand into the midst of civilisation. From Port Herald the railway had climbed upward until at last we stood there some four thousand feet above the sea. Through valleys and among hills the wood-fed engine puffed, and through the carriage window, glimpses of native villages and anon of fields of cotton and tobacco delighted the eye. But there was nothing to suggest what awaited at Blantyre. Along a broad avenue lined with eucalyptus trees the way led to the Blantyre Church, and coming round a bend of the road its west front came suddenly in sight, with the white dome above reflecting the setting sun. The door stands wide open all day long, and we entered in. Without and within it is the perfection of beauty. The soft light streamed in through the stained-glass windows; the shadows were deep in the



Photo.

Auld Edinburgh.

REV. DR. ALEX. HETHERWICK, BLANTYRE

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heights of the dome. It stands there a monument to the genius of Clement Scott. When he started to build the Christians in Blantyre were a handful.

Now, after a generation, the native congregation has to be divided into two sections worshipping at different hours, for the church cannot accommodate them all at once. An hour later evening service was held; and to see the congregation gather in the gloaming was to marvel. For this church is open not only on Sundays but every day; and every day, morning and evening, it is filled by a reverent congregation. Here in Nyasaland Christianity has not yet produced that fruit so common in Scotland—the gospel-hardened sinner! The church bell rings morning and evening every day, and it never rings in vain. For whenever it rings the church is filled.

And this is so not in Blantyre only. In all the churches now scattered over the plains it is the same. From Blantyre has gone forth the power which has scattered churches over the Shiré Highlands. And the daughters walk in the footsteps of the mother. These churches are stately buildings, as at Zomba, Domasi, and Mlanje; but there is also a great number of village churches built by the native Christians, some of brick, and some of wattle and mud with

a grass roof. But be they great or small they are at one in this—the church bell rings every day.

When the village church is built the first thing that is procured is a bell. There being no spires except at Blantyre and Zomba, the bell is hung in a tree. And to-day in the plain of Mlanje, when the shadows begin to fall, the wayfarer will hear all of a sudden the tones of a bell coming over the high grass. It is the call to evening prayer. If he have imagination, the curtain will suddenly ring up with the ringing of that bell, and he will see the past and the future in a flash. The past, when the drum beat to summon the savage tribes to nameless rites and unspeakable abominations; and the future, when all Nyasaland shall lie under the beneficent shadow of the Cross, with the former days abiding but as the memory of a long-past nightmare. Doubtless Blantyre Church, built by natives who knew not what they were building, justly designated the “most wonderful church in Africa,” is a marvel to the traveller who comes suddenly in sight of it, but the bells of the village churches scattered over the plain, ringing at eve, are a greater marvel still. It has come to this already, that all the future lies with these wattle-and-mud churches in the plains.

To-day, in all Nyasaland, the greatest of all that the white man has wrought is this church at Blantyre. It bears the impress of sanctified genius. Its foundations were dug in 1888, and it was dedicated May 10th, 1891. Clement Scott was architect, builder and master of works. He taught the natives to make the bricks and to lay them. They knew not what they were doing or whither brick laid on brick tended. There were many discouragements. Lime failed; brick-kilns failed; workmen failed—but Clement Scott's courage never failed. And it was not this fair sanctuary alone that was built in those days. A race that knew not the joy of work, learned its glory. Men learned patience and endurance—and the thrill of *wonder*. They saw four great arches rise, knowing not their purpose; on the top of the arches they saw an octagonal tower arise, knowing not its purpose; and they saw the octagonal tower gathering into a circle, and the circle at last crowned by a dome. Then dimly they realised. It was to be a great house—the house of Mulungu (God). And at last they saw it all finished and perfect.

How great must the white man's God be when such a house was built for His glory. And their hands—the black man's hands—built it. The ground plan of the church is a Latin cross, and the whole length is a hundred and six feet.

The interior consists of a Byzantine arcade of six arches, the seventh being the transept arch. The clerestory windows are round. The two west towers contain each three rooms, and inside there is a nuns' walk between them. Three iron crosses surmount the dome and the two small tower domes. The church is filled with beautiful handiwork. There is no "dull back" to it. From whatever side you look, it is beautiful. From all sides you can see its white domes gleaming far over the rolling land. As one looks at it from the corner of the manse verandah in the moonlight, it looks as if fairies built it—ethereal, immaterial. On such a night Bishop Maples gazed at it entranced, and one said to him: "A marvellous church in such a place," to which the bishop replied, "It would be a marvellous and beautiful church anywhere."

That Church is by far the greatest power in Nyasaland, for from it has gone forth the impulse which is transforming heathenism into Christianity over all the Shiré Highlands. It stands forth as the ideal of Christian beauty. From it the natives of Nyasaland have learned that the superstition of ugliness has no part in the worship of God. And far north by the shores of Lake Nyasa, when men think of building a church, they say—Let us build it like the

church at Blantyre. And they say also—It is good that we should worship as they worship at Blantyre. For Clement Scott not only built a beautiful church, but he also left in that church an ordered and a beautiful form of worship.



In the ancient days Christianity was the pioneer of civilisation. Into barbarous valleys the monks penetrated, and there built their monasteries. It was a grim valley which St. Bernard chose for the field of his labours, but he and his monks so transformed it that it was named "Clairvaux." These monks of old achieved because they taught, not only Christianity, but agriculture, handicraft, and those arts which transform life's setting. To them the body as well as the soul was of God. But when missions began with the Reformed Churches, the only conception of a missionary that they possessed was "a dumpy man standing under a palm tree with a Bible under his arm." So long as that ideal held missions failed to achieve.

Now the churches have gone back to the nobler ideal. To walk round the Blantyre Mission is to realise this so great a revolution. In the centre stands the noble church, but round it cluster building after building, each the centre of ceaseless activity. In the printing office the boys are trained to turn out work

that would be a credit even to Edinburgh. From it have gone forth the men who now do the printing of the Protectorate of Nyasa. The adjoining workshop is the joiner and cabinet-maker department. Most of the furniture used in the Shiré Highlands was made here; and nobody who sees the sideboards and chairs, made wholly by the natives, can doubt their mechanical skill. But the largest institution of all is the college named after Henry Henderson, the pioneer who so wisely chose the site of the mission. Here the higher education of the Shiré Highlands is now centred. From the village schools the promising boys and girls are drafted into this college. In the boarding-houses their welfare is carefully tended, and in the classrooms they are trained to be the future teachers and preachers and skilled workmen.

In the Government offices at Zomba the clerks and confidential agents are boys from Blantyre. And because in the south the Dutch denied to the natives all education, deeming them mere beasts of burden, it has now come to pass that the demand for educated natives all over South Africa has to be supplied largely by the Scottish missions—Lovedale, Blantyre, and Livingstonia. But the most wonderful thing of all at Blantyre is the garden. It was

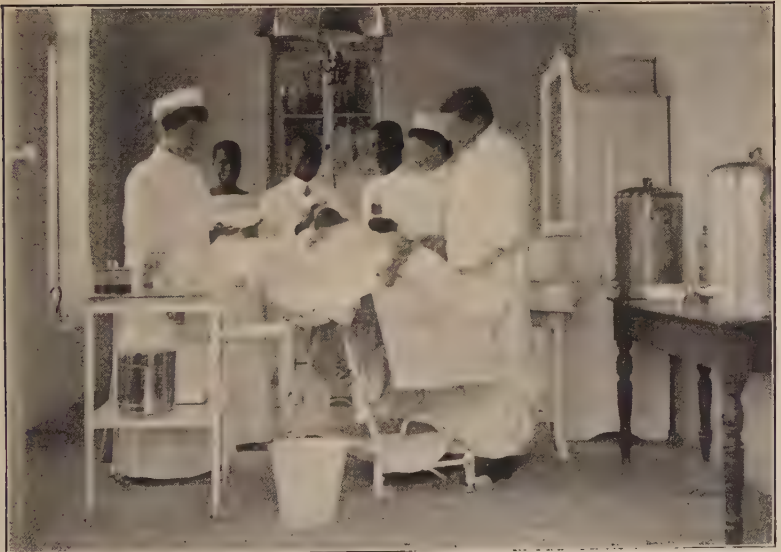
laid out by James Stewart, who was lent for this purpose by the Free Church Mission of Livingstonia, and now it is the botanical garden of the Protectorate. Hither the first coffee plant that ever came to Nyasaland came from Edinburgh. From the Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh, the mission gardener brought three coffee plants. They were carefully tended, but two died. If only coffee would grow in that altitude, the future might have good things in store. The one tiny plant looked as if it too would die, but it revived and grew abundantly. It became the parent of the great coffee industry in Nyasaland—the ancestor of millions of coffee-plants. In this great garden the boys are taught the arts of agriculture, which anon will transform the fertile plains of Nyasa into a garden of riches. From it all over a wide territory go forth year by year trees and plants and seeds, such as a young country calls for. From far and near, trees and seeds and plants are brought hither, from the West to the East Indies, and experiments are continuously being made of those that will suit the soil and the climate. To look anywhere in that garden is to see something like the greenhouses at home let loose all over the place.

And on a slope above the mission stands the hospital with its staff of nurses and two doctors.

From far and near the miserable gather thither. There I saw for the first time lepers with their rotting limbs tenderly cared for by those whose sympathy conquered all feeling of repulsion. The hospital is the greatest of all aids to an infant mission. The ministry of pain breaks down every prejudice. To the doctor there come patients such as are never seen in Edinburgh. From the Shiré river there is carried hither a man who was mauled by a crocodile. While fishing, a crocodile seized him by the arm. His companions in the boat laid hold on him and pulled; the crocodile in the water held hold and pulled. And so they tugged till the arm was wrenched off. Through the long grass they carry him hither, and his life is saved. It is thus that the mission conquers the witch-doctor and drives his atrocities from the field. In our day the missionary takes the whole of human life as the sphere of his mission. He ministers to the soul, but he does not forget that the body is divine. He has realised that the soul cannot be galvanised into life while the body continues degraded in the filth. Little wonder Sir Harry Johnston, when Governor of Nyasa, was brought at last to testify that whatever of good existed in the Shiré Highlands owed its origin to the mission at Blantyre. "I can say of all mission work in British Central Africa," wrote Sir Harry, "that



WITCH-DOCTOR, BLANTYRE



OPERATION IN JOHN BOWIE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, BLANTYRE

it has only to tell the plain truth and nothing but the truth to secure sympathy and support.” The spirit of the Blantyre mission is this—*ora et labora*.



It is with Nyasaland as with Scotland; it, too, has its Glasgow and its Edinburgh. Blantyre is the Glasgow of Nyasa, the seat of its trade and enterprise; but Zomba is Edinburgh—the seat of the Government. At Blantyre is the centre of real power, ecclesiastical and secular. The African Lakes Corporation fixed its headquarters near the mission, and as its first manager, John Moir, wore eyeglasses, the natives called him Mandala—spectacles. The name stuck—and the great stores of the Corporation are known as Mandala.

All over the Protectorate the Corporation now has trading stations, and everywhere these are called Mandala. Before the British Government came, the African Lakes Corporation and the missions were the rulers of the country. To-day the titular Government is in Zomba—but the real power is in Mandala. You can go nowhere and transact little business without these philanthropical Glasgow traders, who have so managed that philanthropy and large dividends lie down in peace together, being called in. Mandala is the trade and the enterprise of

Nyasa—and Mandala is Glasgow! Even the natives there speak English with a Glasgow accent. But the trappings of Government lie in Zomba, and Zomba is forty-six miles away. You can travel back and fore, Edinburgh to Glasgow, for four shillings, but Blantyre to Zomba and back by side-car will cost you four guineas! That is an indication of the cost of transit in Nyasa. The African Lakes Corporation charge twenty pounds for a return ticket from Fort Johnston to Livingstonia, on Lake Nyasa! That is part of the secret that transmutes philanthropy into dividends. But I am forgetting Zomba.

Between Blantyre and Zomba there runs a macadamised road—the first in Nyasa; and two hours in a side-car brings one to Zomba. The road leads through beautiful plantations, and here and there skirts a native village. On the far horizon all round stand high, cloud-shadowed mountains. Along the road swarm hundreds of natives, all marching single file. However broad and smooth the road they still march in single file, shouting one to another. They so marched for countless ages on paths which admitted of nought but the single file; and though the white men make broad roads, yet they will march still, as their fathers before them, in single file. You can see a native minister

with his wife and children walking behind him, and native elders also. For the African is the greatest conservative in the world. The naked bodies gleam with beads of perspiration carrying their loads on the head. But some are clad in calico, and their look of self-reliance proclaims the educated native. At every turn the road is full of interest. A banyan (Indian) stands bargaining at the door of his store. Men and women look with shy eyes, and their shrinking proclaims that they have come from the remote places. Crowds are working in the cotton fields, or gathering the tobacco leaf. Brick buildings are smoking with the drying tobacco. Everywhere the sleep of the ages has given place to the hum of activity; Nyasaland is broad awake, feeling its strength. And the heart of it all is Mandala—and Mandala is Glasgow. But here is Zomba.

There are few prettier sights than Zomba as one approaches it along the road from Blantyre. The houses are spread on the slopes of Mount Zomba, where they gleam among tropical verdure. The galvanised roofs are painted a dull red. Zomba loves paint; Blantyre despises it! Avenues of cedar and eucalyptus and golden bamboos are everywhere. The great mountain towers above, with clear streams flowing down its sides, and trails of white mist caressing its

spurs. A great plain lies in front, dotted with plantations, with here and there a wooded foot-hill rising from its midst like an island floating in the long grass. But the pools of water breed mosquitoes, and the rocks above reflect the heat. And these two—heat and mosquitoes—are a heavy price to pay for the glory of Zomba. Mandala dislikes Zomba. For Mandala cries out for roads and railways, that cotton and tobacco may reach the markets. But the Government of Zomba build a road to the top of the mountain that the mosquito-harassed officials may escape as often as possible from the heat. That road is a sore spot with Mandala. The country is lost for lack of roads—and Zomba constructs a road to a mountain top that its over-wrought officials may relax in the clear, cool air from the cares of State!



Three things stand out clearly as I recall Zomba. Two of these are of lasting import; the third as nought. The first of these is the great native congregation in the beautiful church which Dr. Henry E. Scott built there. He died far north, at Ki-ku-yu, but his memorial is here. That greatest missionary of our day in Africa, Dr. Laws of Livingstonia, walked with me to the church, and as he glanced at the crowd of white-clad natives waiting on the green,

he said, "There is more cloth round this church to-day than there was in the whole Protectorate of Nyasaland when I came to it." At the service thirty-seven adults were baptised, and Dr. Laws addressed them.

"Thirty-eight years ago," said he, "when I first came to this country, there was not a Christian or a church in all its borders; and if anyone had told me then that I would live to see a church such as this and a congregation of Christians such as this I would have deemed it impossible." It was as the voice of a hero with the scars of a hundred battles bidding the recruits be of good cheer. How that congregation sang, and how they listened! At home in Scotland only the paid choir sings now. It is left to the African to maintain the sacrifice of praise. Dr. Laws is an Aberdonian, and he has made the Livingstonia Mission of the United Free Church a mighty power. When the Blantyre Mission was in danger of extinction, the distressed remnant there applied to Dr. Laws, and he came to their help and took charge of that infant mission of the Church of Scotland for a year. When he was Moderator of the United Free Church he received the first of the official communications addressed to his Church by the Church of Scotland inviting it to enter on the Union Conference. He feels that Union in

Scotland is only the natural outcome of the days of Union when he served Blantyre.

Dr. Hetherwick, the head of the Blantyre Mission, is also an Aberdonian, and it is remarkable that Aberdeen should thus send to Africa the two men who, above all others, have laid the foundations of Christianity and an abiding civilisation in Nyasaland. How we would like to meet for an hour the "Makers of Europe"—its Luthers and Augustines. But these makers of another continent—people will wish to meet and honour them when they are long dead. Britain honours everybody except those who are worthy of honour. They, however, seek not her honouring.

The other abiding memory of worth is a little wattle-and-daub church in a village called Ulumba, six miles from Zomba. There over a hundred Christians met on a Monday to hear what the new Muzungu (white man) had to say. In a wattle school beside the church their children were being taught by one of themselves. Their chief elder cultivates his own land and grows cotton. They have made a road to the church through the long grass—that the way may be broad to the house of God. The day was very hot, and the "new Muzungu" spoke in his shirt sleeves. It is only four years since the church was built there, and now they have set them-

selves to build a new church. It is to be large and strong—this new church. They are preparing for it, pounding the ant-hills into clay, and moulding the clay into bricks—that the house of God may rise fair and square to all the winds, in their midst. And the bell will then be set ringing in a tree. It is thus that Christianity is spreading, and it is the Africans themselves who are bearing the torch.

The last impression of Zomba is different. It is of the opening of the Legislative Council. There are seven legislators in all. As there is no Governor at present, an Army officer acted as interim Governor. He came to the “boma” with buglers. There was red cloth on the steps. He wore ribbons and medals. The Attorney-General wore a heavy wig and gown. It was very hot, and he was unhappy. The interim Governor made a long speech. The officials who do the work looked bored. Dr. Laws (one of the seven) stroked his beard, and looked tired! But the sonorous voice went on.

Ah! we smile at the natives, their vanity, their rings in their lips, and their buttons in their noses—pleased with so little. We are nothing better. There they sit. A row of medals, a ribbon or two, wigs, gaiters—how we strut! The native with his pounds of coiled wire round his ankles was never prouder and more

easily pleased ! And Dr. Laws strokes his beard with a gleam of amusement in his eyes. He sees through it all. Zomba is deceiving itself into thinking that it is administering Nyasa. Dr. Laws knows that the true administrator is Mandala. But one statement was made of value. It was that a Scotsman from Ayrshire has been appointed Governor of Nyasaland. When Nyasaland heard the news there was a sigh of relief and gratification—a Scotsman at last ! There was hope now of railways and of roads leading elsewhere than to mountain-tops.



THE OLD RESIDENCY, ZOMBA



THE NEW RESIDENCY, ZOMBA

CHAPTER IV

THEY COUNTED NOT THEIR LIVES DEAR UNTO THEM

IT is the law of life that progress is only achieved through sacrifice. And it is not progress that this country of Nyasaland has experienced in these last years, but transfiguration. Races have risen from the mire and claimed their place in the house of their God. The victims of endless wars have learned the joys of peace. When an Anguru chief came from the hills for the first time to Blantyre, what struck him with the greatest wonder was not the brick houses or the great church—but that bands of Angoni, Atonga, Mang'anjias and Yaos should be there passing each other with their loads on their heads without showing fight ! That visualises the revolution wrought in Nyasaland. But where has been the sacrifice ?

In the stillness of a cloudless evening I went to the little God's acre where the white men of Blantyre bury their dead, and I read the inscriptions on the tombstones in the failing light. They all died when about thirty years of age,

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the men who lie there ; and it was through them that these things were wrought. Their hands toiled day and night and became dust when other men are only entering on the fullness of their labour.



Clement Scott, who laid the foundations of Christianity in the Shiré Highlands, does not lie here. He sleeps on the table-land of British East Africa, on the slope of a green wave in Kikuyu. But I must write of him first. It was he who by the power of his magnetic personality gathered round him here men who sacrificed ease and comfort and opulence at home that they might serve with him in the heart of Africa. He was a man who was ever seeing visions and dreaming dreams ; but happier than many visionaries, he saw one dream become reality. He saw the church that he built filled with men and women who were groping towards the light ; and he saw Nyasaland with peace filling all its plains and valleys after centuries of ceaseless bloodshed. This man looked at men and said, " Go and do this," and they straightway went and did it, attempting even the impossible. " If he told me to go to the ends of the earth I would do it," said one who served under him many years, now himself, because of Clement Scott, a minister and a missionary. But he was not merely a

man whose soul was so filled with the sense of the beautiful that in arch and tower and minaret he was ever hungering to materialise it; but he was also a lion-hearted man who knew no fear. The oppressed fled to him for refuge, and when their oppressors came in pursuit, he would go alone to meet them, and daunted by the gleam in his eyes they would turn and go quietly home again. When the Angoni were approaching on one of those terrible raids which devastated the land, Clement Scott went a long journey to meet them, and they turned aside. That was the man—dauntless, fearless. And he was capable of long-continued toil, as his dictionary of Nyanja testifies. He did for Nyasaland what Dr. Johnson did for England—gave the country a language so written that it has become the *lingua franca* over wide territories. But sorrows came to him. At Quilemane he buried his wife, and life was never the same. Here in this still spot under the shadow of the eucalyptus trees a little child lies buried. And a broken man, with the vision dimmed, came back to Blantyre. The work, ungladdened by the vision, was intolerable and unbearable; and, his day's work done, he retired. When he preached in the church he built, he spoke as one inspired; but few could understand. I wrestled with a published sermon

of his in Blantyre—but I could not understand it. A sentence here and there glowed—but all the rest was darkness to me. But I have no doubt but that to himself every sentence quivered with meaning, glowed with light. For my part, I felt sympathy with the elder in Aberdeen who heard him preach on missions in the West Church there, and who, when asked how he liked the sermon, replied: “God forbid that I should presume to understand Dr. Clement Scott.” In his retirement the call came to him to go to Kikuyu far in the north, and he went. And there he died. It is a beautiful story that tells how on his deathbed, knowing he was to die, he roused himself and baptised by the name of Philipppo the first convert to Christianity in Kikuyu. It is by that incident that the future generations may perhaps best remember the name of Clement Scott. But his abiding monument is the “Church of St. Michael and All Angels” which he built at Blantyre, and which he so named to “record the truth that the angels of God hold up this very church as they do the structure of the universe and of society; and that powers more mighty than earth’s dominions hold Africa before God.” To this he adds with a sigh: “but probably Blantyre Church will find the greatest favour and be best understood.” And so it has

turned out. The idealist foresaw with a smile what his practical countrymen would make of his great names. "Plain Blantyre Church!" It is a pity that the man who saw visions should have the name of his choice blotted off his church. But what would you—we are Scotsmen! I heard Clement Scott speak in the General Assembly once, and I understood a little of what he said. But from that little I can testify that all the changes in the outlook and methods of missions which were focussed in the World Missionary Conference, and which now are everywhere in the air, were clear before his eyes as he spoke, though his words could not clarify them to others. He was a *seer*, a man far before his day; he cleared the fields in Nyasaland which men to-day are sowing and reaping. And, far away from the scenes of his triumphs, he died at Kikuyu, where the natives refused even to dig his grave.



If you ask the white men at Nyasa about the Missionaries at Blantyre, they will say but little about Clement Scott, and that is not to be wondered at. For to the traders of Mandala and to the planters, Clement Scott must have been incomprehensible. But if you mention the name of his brother, *William Affleck Scott*, every face lights up instantly. "*He* was the

best man who ever came to the Shiré Highlands," they will tell you. On the grave of William Affleck Scott in the churchyard at Blantyre there is always a bunch of flowers, and none knows who places the tribute there. This man at one and the same time went through the divinity and the medical classes in Edinburgh University, and he came to Africa with the double qualification of minister and doctor. And during the six years of his labour in Nyasaland he accomplished the work of a lifetime. He would not be carried in a machila on the shoulders of black men—he always walked. After his afternoon service at Domasi he would start off at 3.30 p.m., walking to Blantyre, and he would arrive the next day without coat or vest at 6.15 p.m.—a distance of forty-eight miles! He was for ever preaching, healing, and exploring. At Mlanje an urgent message reaches him that diphtheria has broken out at Blantyre and that a little child was dead, and the mother ill and the doctor also stricken. And he starts off at once. He is stopped by swollen rivers, but he manages to cross them. He comes to a roaring flood and he searches in vain for a ford. He resolves to try at a certain spot. Knotting the tent ropes together, tying the line round his body, he wades to a tree, swims to another, hauls his boys after him, and crosses the last span by a bridge

of bamboos. He hurries on and reaches Blantyre, having accomplished a four days' journey in two. He finds the mother now dead, and the doctor in a low condition. "There will be no need for tracheotomy before morning, so you will have time to read it up," said the dying doctor to his friend. But there was no use for tracheotomy, for "a terrible paroxysm" seized Dr. Bowie and he died. And the mission band at Blantyre was broken up, leaving Affleck Scott in charge. Harassed and weakened by fever, he hastened to the assistance of the acting-governor in a campaign against a slave-raiding chief. Affleck Scott was to serve as doctor only in that campaign. The campaign was successful; the last of the slaving strongholds was destroyed; but Affleck Scott came back to Blantyre to die. On the night before he died, he said, "I'll go home to-morrow by the steamer," and his companion started to pack. It was too late. His pulse began to fail. Clement Scott watched his brother fight for his life. The dying man gave his brother directions how to watch his pulse, and his colleague regarding the injection of drugs. At last in the early morning, realising he was dying, he looked pitifully at his brother and Mr. Reid, and with the words, "Oh, I'm done!" he ceased his struggles and passed away. He was only thirty-three years of age; and his wife and

little child were far away in Scotland. "I don't hold by missions," said a gnarled and tanned planter, speaking of these things; "but there was one man, Affleck Scott, and he was a *man*. Do you know what I have seen that man do? I have seen him swimming over the Shiré river three times when it was in flood, to visit a *dying nigger*." Such was this "hero of the Dark Continent," Dr. William Affleck Scott. "The whole of British Central Africa mourns the death and honours the memory of the Christian hero," was the testimony of a Government administrator. It is through the labours and the death of men such as this that Nyasaland to-day is risen from the dead.



Near to Affleck Scott, under the eucalyptus trees, sleeps Dr. John Bowie. Out of the front ranks of the medical profession in London he stepped to lay down his life here in Africa. His father was secretary of the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh; he was a gold medallist in many of his medical classes; he became a university assistant, and finally settled down in London as a specialist. To his house there came Clement Scott and his wife, who was a sister of Dr. Bowie; and Clement Scott talked of Africa until the glamour fell on his brother-in-law. It was a magnetic influence this

which Clement Scott radiated ; Bowie heard the call of Africa, and he with his wife went forth, leaving all behind. His coming was an inspiration and a strong fortress to the little band at Blantyre. "What a splendid man Dr. Bowie is," wrote Robert Cleland. "I could trust my life to him in any circumstance. It is beautiful to see him treat the natives with their complaints and sores as kindly and as attentively as he would the best lady or gentleman in practice at home." The story that tells how this man died stirs the heart. His sister, the wife of Henry Henderson, asked him to see her boy. Dr. Bowie at once recognised diphtheria of a malignant type. Hour by hour the doctor watched the agonies of the child, and at daybreak he performed the operation of tracheotomy. But the membrane stopped the tube. Thinking nothing of the terrible risk, though he well knew the risk, Bowie again and again sucked the tube, and the child got instant relief. The child lived for twelve more hours ; but Bowie was stricken. And his sister, the child's mother, was also stricken. Straightway he sends messengers to summon Dr. Affleck Scott and Dr. Henry Scott. On the morrow Dr. Henry Scott arrived. And now the sufferings of the dying woman were so terrible that tracheotomy had to be performed. Dr. Henry Scott

had never so operated ; and Dr. Bowie, making one last heroic effort, rose from his dying bed and went to his dying sister, and with unfaltering hand performed the operation. There are few stories of heroism and devotion that stir the heart more than this story of John Bowie with death in his throat fighting death in his sister's throat. On Tuesday morning the sister died ; and on Wednesday morning the brother died. And now they lie together here with the little child. Dr. Bowie's hospital in Blantyre was a long mud house of three rooms, with mud floors, and neither beds nor bedding. He spoke of it as " the first step towards an African St. Bartholomew's." To-day that prophecy is fulfilled ; and the " John Bowie Memorial Hospital " at Blantyre is replete with all the science of healing. And John Bowie never regretted his setting forth on that great adventure. " Does a slave regret getting his freedom ? " was his own answer to one who questioned him. Through his death there has risen up in Nyasaland a hospital within whose walls death is fought day by day—even as John Bowie fought it in his brief years. And the shadow of death is lifted from off the land.



Here, too, rests Robert Cleland, who heard the call of Africa while working in an engineering

shop in Scotland's "Black Country." When twenty-one years of age, hearing a sermon in Garturk Parish Church, he decided to become a missionary. That beginning at that age he went through the long course of study requisite for the Scottish ministry shows the will-power of the man. The days are gone when a workman in Scotland could be seen conning Greek verbs in the dinner hour! Every difficulty was triumphantly overcome and he was ordained in 1887 in St. George's Church, Edinburgh. On the journey out to Africa he wrote: "It is my dearest wish to be at last laid in its solitudes as a *finger-post* to point the way to others." His first post was at Chirazulo, a centre of slave-raiders and misrule. There he had to contend with the persistent administration of "mwave" (ordeal by poison) by the witch-doctors. From his lonely station, Cleland often heard the death-halloo, which was the signal for spearing the dying. Once he heard of a crowd assembled for the administration of "mwave" to a victim. Mounting his donkey he hurried to the scene. As he came up to the assembled mob the donkey hee-hawed with all his might—and at the unearthly sound the natives took to their heels leaving their victim alone! There at Chirazulo I saw a beautiful brick church, built by the native congregation, filled by a congregation of six

hundred ; and I saw four of their number ordained as elders. There is no "mwave" there now, and you cannot buy a man for a hundred yards of calico as could be done in Cleland's days. From Chirazulo he was sent to Mlanje to deal with the slave-raiding chiefs there. And Cleland stopped their warring and their raiding. When a battle was imminent, Cleland, suffering from fever, forced his way through the *mêlée*, and, walking up to the bloodthirsty Chikumbu, took the flag out of his hand and ordered him to stop fighting. The chief, daunted by this action, submitted. "He is a brave man," said Chikumbu of Cleland ; "he has a heart like Chikumbu." There at Mlanje Cleland founded a station which has spread the power of Christianity over the plains. But the fever sapped his strength, and at last he broke down. As a last hope Dr. Affleck Scott carried him into Blantyre. They spent a weird night at a dreary place on the way ; but Cleland was so ill that they could not wait for the dawn. Through the darkness they pushed on, Dr. Affleck Scott stumbling on before carrying the lantern. A fine easy life the missionary's ! so the scoffer says. But there you see the missionary's life. That worn man there, carrying the flickering lantern ahead, sleeping on his feet as he totters on ; behind him the hammock in which the dying man lies

hiccuping, borne on the shoulders of the natives ; and all around the black night and the long grass and the bush ! At 10.30 in the morning the sad procession filed into Blantyre, and at the sight of Bowie, the face of Cleland brightened up. “ It does me good to see you,” he said, in his weak voice. And that night he died, far away from the din and the smoke of Coatbridge. And these three, Affleck Scott, Bowie, and Cleland, lie now together in Blantyre Churchyard. They died in the glory of youth. Through death life has come to Nyasaland, as it has done the world over.



And of the men who stepped into the breaches and carried on the work until Nyasaland was brought within the pale of the influence of the cross of Christ, I can only say that they have proved themselves worthy successors of these others. Nyasaland to-day is the witness to their faithfulness and to their unwearied labours. When in the future the work of men such as Dr. Hetherwick and Dr. Henry E. Scott is appraised, they will be placed high among those who have nobly served the Lord Jesus Christ, and who have enriched races and kingdoms by their labour of love. What the Scottish Mission has done in the Shiré Highlands for the amelioration of humanity raises the missionaries above criticism

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and also above praise. The Church that sent these men forth, and the race that produced them, have alike reason to thank God. In the little churchyard of Blantyre, as you go round reading the headstones, you will learn a little of the great price wherewith Christianity has bought Nyasaland. And all over the land, and along the shores of Lake Nyasa, there are, beside the mission stations, churchyards such as this at Blantyre, and in them are recorded, as here, the names of those who, because of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, "counted not their lives dear unto them."



SUNRISE ON LAKE NYASA AFTER A STORM



LAKE NYASA AT PEACE

CHAPTER V

SUNRISE ON LAKE NYASA

ONE of the remarkable things in Central Africa is the steady process of desiccation which has overtaken its lakes, and consequently its rivers. When Fort Johnston was built on its present site the lake steamers sailed up and anchored before its wharfs. To-day they have to anchor six miles away from it, for the river has shallowed so much that it is only in flat-bottomed barges impelled by poles wielded by brawny natives that the steamers can be reached. And as the river is being choked up by sand, the barges move at a snail's pace. Thus it comes that Fort Johnston has fallen on evil days. It was planned on a large scale. But Nature mocks the dreams of men.

The Admiralty stores at Fort Johnston are now six miles away from the gunboats on the lake. There lies on the river-bank a steamer that has been caught in a trap. It cannot get over the bar of sand that lies across the mouth

of the river into the lake ; it cannot sail any more down the Shiré owing to the banks and the shallows. It lies there a monument of decay. It visualises the fate that must soon overtake the broad streets and stately buildings of Fort Johnston. In a little while the long grass will wave on its site again. The Shiré river flows out of Lake Nyasa, but in these days the strange spectacle can be seen of the Shiré river reversing its sluggish current. At times it actually flows back into Lake Nyasa, and the dwindling river has then for its only source the swamp of Pama-lombe. Therein lies the problem of Nyasaland. There is no outlet for traffic down the river any more. There is no means of conveying goods for the distance of 120 miles from Fort Johnston to Blantyre except on the heads of the natives. Goods accumulate at Fort Johnston until the place is congested.

The cotton crop of last year lies in great part there still. The neck of the bottle is so narrow that the streamlet of trade can only pass through in drops ! Great territories await development on the shores of the lake ; cotton and rubber lie there latent in rich harvests. But the Government will not listen to the cry for a railway ; and its officials are so keen on mountain roads to Sanatoria that the cry of the trader seemeth as

if it fell on deaf ears. But he will not be left for ever crying in vain.



It is strange to think how this great lake lay here in the heart of Africa, with villages scattered thickly on its shores and canoes gliding on its waters, and the wooded hills along its sides, and the glory of sky and cloud, sunrise and sunset glowing on its bosom as on a polished mirror, while the centuries rolled, and the great world knew not even of its existence. As the good steamship *Queen Victoria* steams out into its deep and wide spaces one forgets that it is an inland lake—it seemeth as the sea. Three hundred and fifty miles long, by from fifteen to fifty-five miles broad, with its ramparts of hills along its sides, and here and there valleys and dells opening among them, its vastness appeals to the imagination. There is no grandeur, however ; no awe-inspiring peaks, for the hills only rise from two to three thousand feet above its level ; but there is a haunting flush of loveliness on the face of Nyasa. There is the glory of sunlight such as never shines in pale northern climes ; there is the vividness of colouring as the hills draw their purple and gold mantles around them ; and there are the mystery and marvel of the night when the moon uprises, and the ripples on the water reflect her light in long

ribbons, fading gradually within the veil of the night, and along the broad pathway of silver light the heart and soul wander afar until they come to the source of all—the Infinite. That man is surely blind for whom on Lake Nyasa the veil will not sooner or later become thin; and yet there are many such. For just listen to that long, thin, bronzed man who there leans over the rail. What is he saying? You can hear him raising his voice as he gets animated. “Missions,” he cries as we pass Cape MacLear on the left, “I don’t believe in them; the missions are ruining the country.” And he expectorates with a long, sibilant sound. That is the measure of his contempt for missions!

And yet if anywhere on earth a man is to believe in Christian missions, that place must surely be Lake Nyasa. It was the greatest of missionaries who lifted the dark curtain from its face and revealed its glory to the world. It was on September 16th, 1859, that David Livingstone discovered it. Two years later he returned to explore its shores, and on September 2nd, 1861, he sailed with Kirk and Charles Livingstone into the waters of Lake Nyasa on board the *Pioneer*, a little steamer which they had carried past the Murchison Falls. At the Livingstone centenary celebration service at Bandawe

an aged Christian native told how the people there assembled in great numbers to gaze on the first white man who had penetrated thither. Livingstone went down to the shore to wash himself. He took out of his pocket a bit of soap and rubbed it in his hair. Then he rubbed it until his head was covered with a lather of suds. At that sight a great terror seized the natives. "What," they cried one to the other, "is the Spirit taking out of his head?" And they fled to the hills. To them the white man was a spirit, and the soap-suds were spirits also which he was extracting from his head.

Fifty-four years thereafter, to a congregation of Christians which crowded the church of Bandawe, the old man told the memory of his youth. And they laughed until their sides ached at the simplicity of their fathers! During that first exploration, Livingstone's heart was gripped by Lake Nyasa. Five years later, on August 8th, 1866, he writes in his journal: "We came in sight of the lake. . . . It was as if I had come to an old home." And then for nine years the curtain fell again, and Lake Nyasa was hid from the white men's eye. But on October 12th, 1875, when the little *Ilala*, with the first of the Livingstonia missionaries on board, steamed out of the Shiré river into the lake, a new era was born for Central Africa. "It was a moment of great

excitement and thankfulness," wrote Mr. Young, Livingstone's fellow-pioneer, who was in charge of the expedition. They sang a psalm of thanksgiving and offered up prayers to God, and thus with prayer and praise did that devoted band of Scottish missionaries on that October day thirty-eight years ago take possession of Lake Nyasa in behalf of Christianity and civilisation. The sun that was destined to put to flight the thick darkness of cruelty, bloodshed, and unspeakable abomination which for weary ages had brooded over its waters, at last rose in its might and shone on Lake Nyasa.



To realise the mighty revolution which has transformed the shores of Nyasa since that fateful day, you have only to think of the days which preceded and of the days which followed. Until that day the whole land was dominated by the power of devildom. At the south end of the lake, the Arab chief, Mponda, ruled, and his villages were a hotbed of vice, villainy, and slavery. From west to east the chiefs sent dhowfuls of slaves without let or hindrance. Villages which in the morning were haunts of peace, often in the evening were but smoking ashes; mother and child lay there pierced by the one spear; old men and women lay in the embers clubbed to death; but the

young and the strong were hurried to the lake and the dhows were filled with the bereaved and the hopeless, whose crying and whose moans were wafted by the winds. All over the lake dhows bore the cargoes of agonised humanity. Further north to the west of the lake lay the valleys of the Angoni, an offshoot of the Zulu nation. Under the sway of the ruthless Mombera, they laid waste the land. "I have seen an army, ten thousand strong," writes Dr. Elmslie, "issue forth in June and not return till September, laden with spoil in slaves, cattle, and ivory, and nearly every man painted with white clay, denoting that he had killed someone." As an example of the havoc wrought by the merciless Angoni, a European witnessed this massacre. Under cover of darkness they surrounded a village with which they had no quarrel. "Each warrior took up a position at the door of a hut and ordered the inmates to come out. Every man and boy was speared as he rushed out, and the women were caught and bound with bark rope. In the morning not a man or boy was alive in the village, while three hundred women and girls were tied together like so many frightened sheep." A party of traders heard of the deed of blood, and hurried to the rescue. The Angoni were caught unprepared, and they began to spear their

captives. They would not leave them alive. "Then ensued a horrible scene—women screaming, wrestling for life, writhing in blood on the ground. Eventually 200 were rescued. The number killed included 29 men, 100 women, 32 girls, and 16 boys." In that one ray of revealing light there stands forth a spectacle of woe which makes the blood run cold. And all over the west of the lake everywhere the land was thus drenched with blood.

In 1878, Dr. Laws, searching for the site of a new mission station, found the helpless and harassed people living in swamps amid the stench of death-dealing exhalations. On rocks and islands they sought shelter and starved. At the top of that road which climbs zigzag to the heights on which Livingstonia is built, I saw a wild gorge down which two rivers pour, leaping clear over the high precipices. When I was told that on the faces of these cliffs Dr. Laws found the Tonga people living on ledges and making fast their huts to tree roots—it seemed incredible. And in a cave where the water falls clear, under the waterfall was the last refuge of that hunted tribe whom the Angonis had driven over the edge of the world to hang there between earth and sky. But even worse still was the north end of the lake. There the Arabs were pressing steadily

south, and they had the secrets of cruelty's last refinement.

I know no tale more harrowing than that which tells how Mloze, the last of the slave-raiders, decoyed the peaceful Wankonda to a stagnant swamp infested by crocodiles. The mouths of the slave raiders were full of professions of peace, but extermination was in their hearts. At night they surrounded the swamp, and when the day was full, they fired volley after volley at the people hiding in the reeds, unarmed save for their spears. Every man who sought to escape was shot. The Arabs closed in, and there was no escape save by swimming the pools where the crocodiles awaited their prey. At last the Arabs fired the reeds, and the maddened Wankonda threw themselves into the water. Then the hideous jaws of the crocodiles crunched their prey. The lurid flames of the burning reeds, the green waters of the oozy swamp dyed red, the yells of the perishing, and at last the crocodiles' dire feasting—that constitutes a scene of devilment which history can scarcely equal. And from the tops of trees whence they could see the whole butchery, three Arab leaders directed operations and gloated over the slaughter. It was in 1888, under the eyes of white men, that this happened. It was into a world such as that that the *Ilala*

steamed on that October day thirty-eight years ago !



And to-day what has been the issue ? Peace lies like a golden shaft of light over Lake Nyasa. The wild Angoni have beaten their swords into ploughshares. They have parted with the terror of their name. Right into the heart of Angoniland Dr. Laws worked his way, slowly but persistently. He is a man who knew no fear, who accepted no discouragement, who acquiesced in no defeat. Four years after the *Ilala* entered the lake, Dr. Laws had his first interview with Mombera, the despotic chief of the Angoni. Over that chief, whose very name sent multitudes shivering with terror into the caves of the rocks, Dr. Laws acquired such influence that at last he refused to sanction bloodshed and war. There were dark days when the missionaries faced death, when they prepared to burn their stations to prevent their falling into the hands of the heathen ; but at last the ambassadors of peace conquered. To-day 50,000 scholars are being taught in the Livingstonia Mission schools, and all over the land multitudes throng the churches. When at last Britain established a Protectorate over these destroyers of mankind, Sir Alfred Sharpe did not require to display a single soldier. With the missionaries



REV. DR. ROBERT LAWS, LIVINGSTONIA

at his side to reassure the chiefs, the foundations of peace were permanently laid. In the history of the advance of civilisation, there has been no nobler record than that which tells how the Livingstonia Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland turned war into peace, cruelty into mercy, and the cries of perishing races into the psalms of thanksgiving along the shores of Lake Nyasa.

At the north end the Arab invasion was repulsed after many a dire struggle. A handful of white men in a stockade hurled back the tide of Islam. Mloze, who slaughtered the Wankonda in the swamp, was at last hanged by the British Government acting through Sir Harry Johnston. In that conflict three Scotsmen carved their names deep on the rock of history. They were laymen who served the African Lakes Corporation, that company which sought to advance the kingdom of God by honest trade—John Moir, who laid the plans and spent the capital of his company with lavish hand to wrench from the slave-raiders their victims; Fred. Moir, who was foremost in every post of danger, fearless and undaunted; and Monteith Fotheringham, who from a Glasgow shipyard came to Africa and was called from a trading station to command a stockade and fight Mloze. In the graphic pages of Sir Frederick Lugard the record of

these days can be read. In them the fate of Central Africa was sealed. These fair lands were saved from the withering blight of Islam, and over them to-day Christianity is spreading the balm which healeth men's woes. And yet these men have been left unhonoured by a nation that knows not the greatness of its sons.



It was on an evening so still that, in the waters of the lake, hills and clouds and a sky streaked with ribbons of gold fringed with purple were reflected and we seemed to sail on a film hung in the centre of a globe throbbing with a very riot of radiant colouring, that we approached the island of Likoma. It is a rocky, barren isle, with no trees save the hateful baobab, and no harvest save that of the swarming fish along its shores. In the days of bloodshed it was a haven of refuge, and there the Universities Mission have erected a cathedral, which would be a glorious sanctuary anywhere, but which there in Central Africa, on a barren islet of an inland lake, is a marvel. It was founded in 1903, and dedicated in 1907. From east to west it measures 320 feet, and from north to south walls of the transepts 85 feet. It is cruciform in shape, and can hold some 3000 worshippers. Everything is eloquent of the spirit of beauty and devotion which animated

those who planned and built. From this great centre along the west side of Lake Nyasa the devoted band of men who serve the Universities Mission are spreading the power of their faith. When the history of that mission is recalled—that tragic beginning when Bishop Mackenzie laid down his life, the retreat to Zanzibar, and the return to victorious work—then one wonders at so great an achievement in so short a time. They are undaunted men these. When their buildings and library were burnt they assembled to sing a *Te Deum*, and render thanks for the things they did not lose—no human lives and no tempers! At Likoma there is no room left for dour and dismal puritanism! The atmosphere is more redolent of Rome than of Canterbury. But the African loves ceremonial and ritual.



But an overruling Providence keeps the balance even. Across the lake, 2500 feet above the level of Nyasa and 4000 feet above sea-level, stands the central mission of Livingstonia. There the true Bishop of Central Africa, the “father of the white men,” Dr. Laws, has founded a college and a great industrial mission. There teachers and preachers are educated; there in great workshops tradesmen are trained; there saw-mills and grain mills and cotton ginneries abound; there the houses are built with granite—solid

and during ; there a great hospital is prepared for the sick ; there the mind is fed and the thinking faculties evoked. But the ceremonial and the ritual are left to be developed on the opposite shores of the lake. Dr. Laws has laboured for the future ! The water is brought in miles of piping from the hills for the future city, and the electric light already shines on these hill-tops. But the church at Livingstonia is not yet built. When Dr. Laws builds it, doubtless it will be more enduring than the cathedral of Likoma. East and west, the missions on Lake Nyasa keep the balance even. The ways of Providence are truly marvellous ! If only these two could be mixed in equal proportions !



In this land there is nothing more wonderful than the Pax Britannica. Over these valleys and hills the tides of war rolled ceaselessly. No life, no property was safe for an hour. To-day Nyasaland is the most peaceful part of the Empire. And the peace is kept by a British force of five officers and one hundred and thirty native soldiers ! Before that little band the wild Angoni bow in peace, and the Arab, by reason of their power, troubles no more. The Pax Britannica—because of it into the remotest fastnesses the traveller goes secure, and in-



1. MISSIONARIES' HOUSES, LIVINGSTONIA

3. WATERFALL AND CAVE WHERE THE
TONGAS HID FROM ANGONS

2. DR. LAWS' HOUSE

4. REV. W. P. YOUNG AND HIS
CLASS, GARDEN

numerable villages sleep in peace under the palms! And 130 native soldiers secure it throughout all Nyasaland! That is the great miracle. But the miracle has been wrought because before the British soldier there came the soldiers of the cross, the ambassadors of the Prince of Peace. It is their power that wrought the miracle. In Nyasaland it needs must that a man "believe in missions."

CHAPTER VI

A FOUL MURDER

AT Likoma I heard a story which made me realise as never before the great gulf which lies between the British and the Portuguese rule. The story filled me with an indignation for which I cannot find expression. That a British subject should be done to death as Arthur Douglas was done to death by a Portuguese official, and that the murderer should only be punished by one year's imprisonment, is something which stirs that anger which is not akin to sin.

At Kango, almost opposite to the island of Likoma, on the east side of Lake Nyasa, one of the ablest of the Universities Mission staff had his station, the Rev. Arthur Douglas. He was a man greatly beloved, in the prime of life, and his work was training students for the native ministry. He was a man of high ideal and great enthusiasm, and from him the Universities Mission looked for great things. Kango is in Portuguese territory, and a new official came

to take charge of a Government station there, Corporal Annibal Alves Taveira. His office was "Chefe do posto" in the service of the "Companhia de Nyasa." This man's conduct was of the vilest. There is conclusive evidence to show that he used his authority for his own evil ends. Girls who were being taught in the school of the mission and were there being prepared for confirmation were commandeered by him and brought to his house and there outraged. This happened again and again. And Arthur Douglas, in whose schools these girls were, went to this Corporal Taveira and warned him of the consequences of his actions. This he did again and again. But Taveira refused to listen, went on his own evil ways, and flogged the people into such a state of terror that they dared not at last complain. The only man who stood in the path of the Corporal was Arthur Douglas, and consequently the uneducated Portuguese hated the English gentleman as only the brutal and the low-bred can hate. And he nursed his hatred, waiting his revenge.



And the opportunity he waited for came at last. Two years ago a boat was sent from Likoma to the mainland to fetch wood or other necessities to the island. For Likoma is barren and dependent on the mainland for food and for

fuel. Taveira seized the boat's crew and imprisoned them in his "boma" or stockade. His only reason was a charge that they had not observed the customs regulations. But as they did only what they had always done previously, and that unchallenged, Taveira was only making an occasion to show his hatred of the mission. It was an opportunity to show the natives the power which a Portuguese Corporal could exercise over English subjects. And he kept the crew there in the "boma" while he rejoiced in this example of his power and the added terror it would inspire in his miserable subjects.

When the news came to Likoma that the boat's crew were in prison, the Bishop, accompanied by Rev. Arthur Glossop, proceeded in the mission steamer to the mainland. They interviewed Taveira, and arranged to take him with them to Mtengula that the case might be decided by the Chief Magistrate of that district. It looked as if everything would be peacefully arranged when suddenly confusion and strife broke forth.

The captives in the "boma" saw the Bishop and Mr. Glossop leave the house, and, greatly excited, they cried out to them. "Do not desert us: do not desert us," they called. The door of the "boma" was only tied by a piece of bark string, and Mr. Glossop undid it and said

to the prisoners that they might come forth. So they rushed out joyously. They naturally feared an attack from the Portuguese sepoy, and the mission natives consequently seized the arms and the ammunition of these Portuguese soldiers. This was a mistake, but a mistake which excited natives would naturally commit. A Portuguese native rushed to seize one of the guns; and Mr. Glossop to prevent a tumult warned him off with a pistol. But the Bishop speedily got his natives to obey his authority, and he made them lay the guns at Taveira's feet. A small tin of ammunition was still kept back, however, as the Likoma natives were afraid they would be fired upon. It was to be sent ashore from the steamer. By this time, Corporal Taveira got wildly excited. He rushed to his house and got cartridges, and he began to fire. But instead of firing at those with whom he had the quarrel, he fired in the direction of the college over which Mr. Douglas presided. And the Bishop, seeing this wild excitement, decided to take the mission ladies on board the steamer out of all danger. So they prepared to embark.

Now all this time Arthur Douglas was not on the scene of the quarrel. He was engaged in his duties at the college. He had had nothing whatever to do with the captives in the "boma"

or their release. Hearing the noise he came down to see what the excitement was all about. Taveira continued to fire recklessly. And when he was fourteen yards away, at point-blank range, Corporal Taveira shot Arthur Douglas dead. His opportunity was come. The man who stood in the way of his lust, who warned and reproved him, would stand in Taveira's way no more. Mission girls would no longer be protected from him. It was not the boat's crew coming out of the "boma" that provoked this murder. With all that Arthur Douglas had nothing to do. It was the passion of hatred which the degenerate feels for his admonisher—it was that which made Taveira murder an unarmed man, who came out to see his friends and who was all unconscious of any danger. When we remember that Mr. Douglas was not armed; that he had no part in the quarrel; that those who had interfered with Portuguese guns were now on their steamer; that all danger to Taveira was past, if ever there was any, then this murder is one of the foulest which stain the records of Africa, and could only be the act of an unmitigated scoundrel.

The mission party which had embarked on board their steamer came back hurriedly to the shore again; and they bore away the dead missionary. And as the *Charles Janson* steamed

towards Likoma and approached the island, someone noticed that its flag was at half-mast. From lip to lip the question passed, "Why is the flag at half-mast?" But nobody dreamed that on the deck of the *Charles Janson* Arthur Douglas lay dead, cut off in the glory of his youth, by the act of an infuriated tyrant and debauchee. That night there was woe in Likoma and the sound of weeping. Since Bishop Maples was drowned in the lake there was not heard such a bitter wail of mourning in Likoma. It will be long ere that black day, November 10th, 1911, will be forgotten in Likoma.



And what punishment was there meted out to the murderer? Only this—one year's imprisonment! That was the sentence of the court martial that tried him. There was another day when the life of a British gentleman was valued at a somewhat higher rate than a year's imprisonment. To insist that this man should not be re-employed is not an addition to his punishment. There is plenty of employment outside of Government service for men such as this in Portuguese territory. No mission in our day accepts "blood-money"; and there was no way of getting retribution save by punishing this vile evil-doer with a punishment which would impress on all who heard or saw the enormity of

his crime. But instead of that he is now free again to pursue his evil ways. And we are so engrossed with the world that there is no time to think of a murdered missionary, or insist that justice be done and punishment meted out to the murderer.

CHAPTER VII

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF THE MISSION FIELD

THE enterprise of Christian missions has many difficulties to contend with, and not the least of these is the lack of sympathy and support on the part of traders and travellers who are themselves Christians. Nor is that wholly to be wondered at when one remembers that the Reformed Churches were non-missionary until the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was Carey who again discovered the Church's commission to go into the whole world, and since then the missionary spirit has been leavening the whole lump. It is not surprising that in a century the whole of the Christian world has not yet been leavened by the missionary spirit. Meanwhile it is disheartening for missionaries to find their work so often misjudged and misrepresented by their fellow-countrymen. Sir Harry Johnston records an example of this which is illuminating.

A traveller arrived at a French Mission in Africa in a state of collapse. Just at the time that he arrived, the Father who was at the head of the mission returned from a missionary journey with his clothes in a torn and disreputable condition, and himself in a condition of physical prostration. Having no clothes ready, and wanting to do honour to the guest, he donned a black cassock and, thus attired, he welcomed the traveller. At the Mission a bottle of champagne was kept in reserve by the Fathers for emergencies. And they deemed that an emergency had now arisen. That the guest and the head of the mission might both receive that stimulant they sorely needed, the Fathers opened their last bottle of champagne and ministered to their need. But what was the reward of this Christian act? When he returned home the traveller published a book in which he described the Fathers as going about in cassocks and drinking champagne every day! That is but an example of the way in which missions and their work have been persistently misrepresented by travellers who are yet unleavened by the missionary spirit of their religion.



The statement which one meets most frequently is that the native Christian is a man

less to be trusted than his heathen brother. He is a thief and a liar and everything that is bad. It must, of course, be admitted that unless one has the historic imagination it is difficult to see the work of missions in the right relationship. The growth of a moral sense is the work of centuries. One ought to consider how long a time it has taken to evolve the moral standards of conduct which govern the actions of people at home. In the beginning of the third century of the Christian era Dion Cassius described a certain race as an "idle, indolent, thievish, lying lot of scoundrels." These are the terms in which the African native Christians are often described in our days. But the race to which the old historian applied the epithets were the English. In course of many centuries Christianity has evolved "an idle, indolent, thievish, lying lot of scoundrels" into that race which to-day prides itself on being the sole possessor of the national virtues in all their perfection! There is no reason to doubt but that in Africa the same power will at last evolve the same result. There is room for even a better result in the case of the African. If only we remembered the pit whence we were digged we would be less ready to condemn those who are at present being released out of the same pit.

It is a curious fact that the second generation

of native Christians are less satisfactory in many ways than the first. Again and again I heard missionaries remark on this with a tinge of disappointment. But that is only natural. The first generation of native Christians were the strong men and women who were able to come out from the midst of heathenism and to stand alone. It was because they were strong that they became Christians. It meant sacrifice and it meant persecution for them. It is these things that make strong men. But their children born within the Church are reared as Christians from the first. They did not choose that good part; it was chosen for them by their parents. Becoming Christians meant no hardship or persecution for them. The weak as well as the strong are thus brought within the fold; and the general result must be that for a time, taken as a whole, the second generation of native Christians will not be of the same strong moral fibre as the first. The power of heredity has to be taken into consideration in estimating a condition such as that. It may be a crude epigram that it is easier for a man to get the devil out of his heart than his grandfather out of his bones, but it is the truth. At present the power of heredity is the power of the grandfather. It is all on the side of heathenism. In the next generation the power of the Christian grandfather will begin to

tell. But it will be many generations ere the power of heredity will be a full Christian power.

Meanwhile these native Christians are not to be judged by our standards. At home there is a Christian atmosphere created by many centuries, and in that atmosphere many things are impossible. That atmosphere is not yet created in Africa. At home there are "beaten tracks of respectability," and along these the multitudes are impelled to walk by forces mightier than themselves, unwilling though they be. The "beaten tracks of respectability" have yet to be made in Africa. You cannot expect from converts of yesterday the character which you yourself owe to the Christian ancestry of many generations. It is not in relation to the Christian at home that you must judge the African Christian. You must judge him in relation to the surrounding heathen. What is the atmosphere surrounding these native Christians? It is the atmosphere of a heathen society in which Europeans cannot allow their children to be reared. And the first thing you will note when you visit a district which Christianity has begun to permeate, is the different expression in the face of the man who has come under the influence of Christianity from that in the face of him who is a raw heathen. In the face of the one there is the light of an awakened soul, of a

dawning intelligence, and of a hope which passes beyond the stars ; in the other there is the look of dull and hopeless brutishness. For the Christian the world means good ; for the heathen the world is but a combination of forces marshalled to terrify and at last destroy him. It was thus that Christians were judged at the beginning of Christian history. " Compared with contemporary pagans," said Origen, " the disciples of Christ shine like stars in the firmament." In another book I have used words regarding this matter, which I may be excused repeating.

" Against the background of heathenism, with its foul speech, its unspeakable licentiousness, its polygamy, its child-murder, its bondage to terror, its indifference to life, its falsehood and dishonesty, let the converts to Christianity be seen, with the dawn of the Christian virtues in their souls, with the speech growing clean, with the mind being illumined, with the heart being softened by love and kindness, with the family life being cleansed, with meekness and gentleness and self-sacrifice beginning their perfect work, and then, they too, like the Christians of old, will shine before the eyes like stars in the firmament."

Throughout Africa, wherever Christianity is at work, this can be seen. Children are no longer slain because the teeth appear in one jaw sooner than the other ; and in little communities the joys of family life are dawning on races who

had no family life—races with whom children belonged not to their parents, but to the tribe. When the native Christian is judged thus in relation to the heathen, he evokes not condemnation, but the wondering exclamation: What has the Lord wrought!



The missionaries, face to face with the grim problems of heathen morality and anxious to see the infant Church robing itself in the garment of purity, are often tempted to exercise too stringent a discipline in their desire to reach towards that end. It is a startling thing for a new-comer to find the old stern discipline of the Scottish Kirk Session at work in Nyasaland. The native Kirk Session wields a great power in the Church. The native loves law, and perhaps sifting evidence of transgression and meting out justice may be too natural and congenial. But the danger is that this legal discipline, which judges by western standards, and which does not take full account of the vastly greater difficulties and temptations which assail the African, may result in producing a Pharisaic type of Christian. The Christianity which consists in lopping off branches is a dead Christianity; the Christianity that makes the tree good is the living and powerful Christianity. Too much of

the energy of the native Church can be diverted into cutting off branches ! And with the exercise of strict discipline the desire grows for stricter and yet stricter discipline, until at last the feeling is engendered that salvation is by discipline. In Africa the social life centres round the beer-pot, and the evil results of beer-drinking carnivals are manifest everywhere. The Church has rightly set its face against beer-drinking festivals. But it is a different thing when abstinence from drinking beer in any form is raised into a tenet conditioning membership in the Church of Christ. And yet in one large district this is now a condition of Church-membership. When the Church sets itself to suppress the beer-drinking in which the African's social instincts realise themselves, it ought at once to set itself to provide a substitute. If the house be left empty, swept and garnished though it be, other devils will enter in. And the task of the Church should be not only suppression but supersession. The African must be taught to Christianise his social festivities, otherwise there will be reproduced in the Shire Highlands, and along the shores of Lake Nyasa that dismal and Pharisaic puritanism which has so often arrogated to itself the *sole* name of Christian, and which has in many places at home tried again and again to banish out of a world which God has made beautiful

and meant to be joyous all beauty and joyousness.

These in a zeal to express how much they do
The organs hate, have silenced bagpipes too ;
And harmless maypoles all are railed upon
As if they were the towers of Babylon.

It is an amazing thing how the same blunders are repeated by Christians over and over again. History presents fewer ironies than this, that, entrenching itself in the heart of Christianity, Pharisaism has again and again triumphed over the Christian spirit. The atmosphere in which Christianity was founded was that of a great feast to which many are invited, of music and dancing to the sound of which the prodigal comes home, and Jesus Christ came "eating and drinking," sharing the homely joys of men. It will be a sad result of Missions in Africa if generations of censorious Pharisees be raised up in Central Africa. And that is the problem which the Missions have to solve—how to exercise such discipline as will arouse a Christian public opinion which will of itself be a moral power without at the same time producing the Pharisaic spirit.



There is another difficulty which is created by the multiplication of missions in one sphere—while a whole continent remains to be occupied.

Too many missions in one sphere is worse than too few. The worst example of this is to be found in the Shire Highlands, where the great Mission of the Church of Scotland at Blantyre had already possessed the land, and where five other missions entered in. How comes it that men commit such a folly ?

The reason is that missions which depend wholly, or in part, on trading for their support must be near a market. Industrial products without a market for their disposal are useless. And markets in Central Africa are few. In Nyasaland the market is Blantyre—and consequently Blantyre has become a centre for Industrial Missions. In our days industry is a matter of machinery. And there can be no training or education for a boy whose monotonous duty it is to watch a ginning machine. The reasons why industrial missions do not constitute the most effective of missionary forms of enterprise may be summarised thus :

1. An industrial mission must be near a market. It cannot therefore go to those places where the need is greatest, for its location is fixed by the question of buying and selling.

2. An industrial mission is reared on the basis that it is possible and desirable for missionaries to “ leave the Word of God and serve

tables." To be an efficient missionary demands the concentration of a man's faculties on one great purpose. If his energies are dissipated in planting, ginning, trading, it is impossible for him to rise to the highest as a missionary.

3. An industrial mission brings into the market-place the element of unjust competition. It is not wholly dependent on its own industry for support. It has behind it the benevolent liberality of supporters. Thus it has the private trader at a disadvantage. The trader and planter have no subscription lists "behind them," and the industrial mission can thus undersell them.

4. Such missions have often no continuity. A mission without a great society or a Church behind it, dependent on the sporadic generosity of one or two, is in a precarious position. A missionary falls ill and there is none to relieve him. His supporters die or grow weary. There can be no continuity except on the part of those missions which are supported by the great societies or by Churches. In their case there is a definite policy, a definite goal, a definite teaching; and where one labours others enter into his labours.

CHAPTER VIII

SHADOW AND LIGHT

IN Nyasaland, as in all the regions where there is the stirring of new life, you can see the darkness and the light blending and mingling. There are the streaks of light ever broadening, but there are also the dark places whither the light has not yet penetrated. At Domasi I sat on the mission verandah watching a scene of great beauty. A great plain stretched below, and far on its horizon Lake Shirwa glowed like polished silver with patches of gold on its surface, and beyond that the hills, glory-crowned. Behind the mission opened a beautiful narrow valley down which a shaded river poured its waters in endless melody; and up that valley I had worshipped in a mud-and-wattle church which the natives had built for themselves, and I had talked with an old man who had seen Livingstone. "He took white things out of his pocket," said the old man, recalling the long-gone days, "and he said to us, 'The day is near when white men will come and

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MODES OF AFRICAN TRAVEL

1. A DOUBLE MACHILA:—HAMMOCK HUNG ON BAMBOO POLES
2. RICKSHAW

they will give you things such as this, and you will work for them, and they will buy from you—and give you these,’ and he put them back in his pocket again, and he went away and I saw him no more; and war came and I wandered to this valley seeking peace.” It was the first money the old man saw and he remembered it. And as I sat there drinking in the beauty of a perfect eve, I recalled how a handful of years ago Dr. Hetherwick came hither to take charge of the station, and on the night of his arrival saw the lurid glare of a fire in which a poor old woman was burnt as a witch. And as I thought of that I heard a voice suddenly break into singing coming up the steep brae through the wood, and the tune wafted me home and the words fell like a benison on the ear.

My soul, wait thou with patience
Upon thy God alone,
On Him dependeth all my hope
And expectation.

It was with a strange thrill that I understood as the dark-skinned singer came through the trees. And up the valleys and over the plain they are singing now like this; and the fires are kindled no more for the burning of the living. And yet the shadows are still there, waiting to be wafted away. Here is a story the

missionary who was in charge of the station a year or two ago told me.



A native who was keen to get his children educated came to the missionary in some distress. He squatted down on the verandah and said that he was going away from his village. He was asked why. Oh! one of his children had died mysteriously some time ago and he was afraid for the rest. What did he fear? Witchcraft was what he dreaded and poison also. His children were in school, and those who held by the ancient ways did not like that. It would be safer if he took the children from the school. So long as they were in school life was surrounded by dark perils—spirits and *Afiti*. As best he could the missionary comforted him, and he went away easier in his mind, and his children continued to attend the school. A few months later the man came back in great grief and announced that another child was dead. "She died of witchcraft," he declared. The missionary was incredulous. "Come and see," said the distracted father. The missionary could not go at once; he followed, and when he arrived at the village they were about to bury the girl. The father uncovered the face of his dead daughter.

"Look! She died of witchcraft," he moaned.

And the missionary shrank back in horror, for he was still young and he did not know much about the shadows nor how very dark they are. For what he saw was a face from which the nose had been cut away, leaving nothing but a red scar between the lips and eyebrows.

“Who did that?” asked the missionary in a voice which seemed not his own.

“I do not know,” answered the father.

And they buried her.

That mutilated face haunted the missionary, and he sent word to the chief that he was coming to inquire about the little girl's death. And he went, taking the head native teacher with him. The chief got the witch-doctor to meet the missionary. And there never walked on earth a more innocent and righteous person than that witch-doctor! He produced his medicines, his powders, his charms. He described how the girl fell ill, how he was called in, how he made an excision on her arm and put powder on it, pressing it in with a pad. He produced the pad. He had done nothing. The girl lay dead in the hut when her parents slept, and she was then untouched. The morning when they awoke, she was mutilated. Who mutilated her? Nobody knew. The missionary could do nothing.

But as the missionary walked home, the

Christian native, who is a teacher, spoke to him suddenly.

“The witch-doctor told lies,” said he.

“How do you know?” asked the missionary.

“He showed you the powders he used and the pad,” went on the native, “but that was not the powder nor the pad he used.”

“How did you find that out?”

“That was easily seen,” went on the native, “for if the pad had been put on the cut he made in her arm it would have been stained with blood and soiled, but that pad was stainless and without a blot.”

And the missionary went on in silence. He felt very young and very ignorant, and very impotent.

“Did you know any other case like that?” he asked.

“Oh! yes,” replied the native teacher; “a Christian girl died at the foot of the hill yonder, and I along with others slept outside the hut during the night. When we entered the hut in the morning to prepare for the burial, the whole of one cheek had been cut away. There were people round the hut all night and nobody saw or heard anyone.”

“Why is it done?” asked the missionary.

“I am not sure,” answered the native teacher; “the witch-doctor requires a part of the last

person he has killed that he may of it make more *medicine*, and that he may get greater power. By that means he becomes more ripe (kukhwima)."

And the missionary, telling the story, interpreted that to mean that by this ritual the witch-doctor approached nearer and nearer to the inner shrine of the sanctuary of devildom. The more such *medicine* he acquired the higher his degree in his profession. "But it is all a mystery," exclaimed the missionary, "and nobody really knows." Things such as these are the commonplaces of life where the shadows lie thick and dark in Nyasaland.



At the Communion service in the mission church at Mlanje I saw a great congregation as reverent as any in Scotland; and the elders moved with the elements up and down the kneeling worshippers in perfect order and stillness. The face of one of these elders arrested me. There was tenderness in his eye and wistfulness in his expression, and I noticed that his right hand lacked a thumb. In the vestry I spoke to this elder and asked how he lost his thumb, at which he smiled, and the missionary told me his story. When the mission was started at Mlanje the missionaries knew not the day or hour when they might be beset by the chiefs

who yearned to start slave-raiding again, and a day came when it was proclaimed that the mission should be burnt. There was a little boy who joined the host that marched to destroy Mlanje, and this boy got hold of an old musket, and when the mission was surrounded, the boy fired his ancient weapon and it burst. The only damage done was the blowing away of the boy's thumb. The missionaries escaped and returned again. In a year or two the boy without the thumb became the mission herd, and while he herded the cattle he heard of Jesus Christ, and went to school to learn. At last he was baptised and became a Christian. After a time he left the mission and went to his village. He married a Christian wife and settled down. After a few years there came a crisis in his life. His wife appeared at the mission and laid her case before the missionary. Moses, her husband, was arranging to marry another wife, and no Christian could have two wives—the missionary must deal with Moses. And the missionary did deal with Moses, and that so effectively that Moses realised that if he was to continue a Christian he must content himself with one wife. After that Moses grew into a stronger man. The Church, having mastered him, won him body and soul, and he started a school that his village might learn the gospel and the new law.

He told the missionary that he wanted to have a class preparing for baptism, and asked for books. These were gladly given him. After two years he came and asked the missionary to come and examine the class. The missionary went and found the whole village assembled, young and old, some sixty or seventy in number.

“Where is the class?” asked the missionary, thinking of six or a dozen young people.

“These are the class,” replied the man, waving his thumbless hand round the assembled villagers.

“But the class you have been teaching, preparing for baptism?” asked the missionary bewildered; “it is these I want to examine.”

“I have taught them all,” said the man without the thumb. “They are all ready for the examination.”

The bewildered missionary set to work then, and he went on examining all day, and he found that every man and woman in that village, young and old, had been taught as few had been taught in Nyasaland. And this man had the joy of bringing his whole village into the Christian Church. That is how the Church grows in Nyasaland.

After that Communion service in Mlanje Church, the elders came up to the manse and they talked to me on the verandah, but a young Christian

appeared whose conduct they did not approve of. This young man wanted to marry a girl from the boarding-house whom they considered too young, and they, there and then, took him to task. It was Moses, the man without the thumb, who spoke to him as a father.

“This is foolish of you,” said Moses, pointing his thumbless hand at the offender, “to think of marrying a girl so young. What can she do for you? She is young, she cannot hoe your garden or look after your house. Who will hoe your garden if you marry her?”

“I want *her*,” said the youth.

“You can’t have her,” said Moses; “go you and get one of your own age—one who can hoe your garden and look after your house; and you will be glad that we kept you right.”

And the swain went away with his head down. For an elder in Nyasaland is a man girt with authority. And when Moses says in his village a thing is to be done—it is done. For though Moses has proved by his life that he is a good Christian, yet Moses is a practical Christian, and he knows how valuable a helpmeet is the wife who can hoe the garden. I think the memory of Moses will abide with me—blowing his thumb off attacking missions, bringing his whole village at last to the knowledge of the

gospel and the realisation of its power, and yet never forgetting that gardens have to be hoed !

At the side of Lake Nyasa a man who had been foremost in the old days in every battle and raid, was greatly stirred by the good news the missionaries brought. He came a long, long way every Sunday and sat very still listening. And he learned to read, till at last he knew, as few did, what the Book said about this and about that, and what the new law required.

And one day he came to the missionary asking to be baptised, and the missionary asked him how many wives he had.

“Six,” he answered.

And the missionary said that he could not be baptised so long as he had more than one wife.

The old man went away home sorrowful, and as he went he fought this battle. Would he keep these wives who had grown old along with him and continue outside the Church all his days or send away five, and enter in and so find peace ?

Months passed and the old man made no sign. Then one day he appeared at the mission.

“I have put away five of my wives,” said he. “I have now only one, and I want to be baptised.”

“Which wife have you kept ?” asked the missionary.

"The youngest," was the answer.

But the face of the missionary grew grim.

"That will not do," said he; "if you want to be baptised, you must keep the first wife, and send the rest away."

The old man remonstrated. The first wife married him knowing that she would not be his only wife. In fact she pressed him to marry another, and yet another. For the more wives the easier their work. And it was not just to tie him down to the first wife as if marriage with her were a marriage binding to one wife for ever.

But the missionary's face was as a flint. And again the old man went away sorrowful, fighting a battle in his soul.

A few months passed and the old man appeared once more at the mission station. There was a look in his eye as of a man who had won a victory.

"I have brought back the first wife," said he, "and sent the others away—I want to be baptised."

And at last he was baptised.

I am not sure that the old man should have been sent back the second time. A man may well be left to choose which wife he will have bound to him in Christian marriage. But doubtless these men who are face to face every day with such problems know best.

In Nyasaland nobody will become a Christian unless he be really in earnest. The course of instruction is so long ere a candidate is admitted to the full membership that it is a good test of a man's sincerity. The candidates have to go through the hearer's class where he or she is generally instructed; they are then admitted to the catechumen's class, and stay there two years; they are examined and re-examined. None are baptised unless they can read. I have seen women with babies learning to read in the schools, so eager are they to be admitted to the Church. And in the church they are taught the privilege of helping the great cause. They have to support their own native ministry; and in time they must support their own schools and evangelists. The splendid way in which these native Christians are shouldering their own burdens is the great proof of their vitality. At Mlanje the collections of the native church in one month this year amounted to £16. When you remember that a man's wage is only a few pennies a day, you will realise from that what their religion means to these people and what sacrifices they are ready to make for it. They are already dreaming of missions sent out by themselves; and they are keenly interested in the new mission opened up in Portuguese territory. In the church at Blantyre I heard

Dr. Hetherwick read a letter from one of his boys who is working in the south. This boy heard of the new mission to be started in Portuguese territory and he wrote expressing his hope that he might one day have the privilege of working for his Lord and Saviour in the new station. And he sent a contribution of £10 saved from his wages. That letter was the grandest human document I heard read in Africa.



There is a little room opening from the verandah of the manse in which every morning as the sunlight gilds the hills that engirdle Blantyre you will find Dr. Hetherwick hard at work, surrounded by dictionaries and innumerable documents. He is there completing a monumental work—the final translation of the Bible into Nyanja. There were previous translations of the New Testament by Dr. Clement Scott and Dr. Laws, but since then the missionaries have acquired a fuller knowledge of the language, and the whole had to be revised. “One looks back,” writes Dr. Hetherwick, “at one’s first essays at translation with feelings of thankfulness that more harm was not wrought by the most open and bare-faced errors.” A translation committee, representing the various missions in Nyasaland was constituted in 1900, with Dr. Hetherwick as chairman, to prepare a

Union version for all the Nyanja-speaking people. The progress which these missions have made cannot be better illustrated than by the record of the sales of the New Testament in Nyanja. From 1886 to 1906 rather less than 6000 copies were sold ; since 1906 44,000 copies of the New Testament have been sold, and 35,000 copies of the Book of Psalms. In July, 1912, a consignment of Nyanja Testaments weighing four and a half tons was despatched by the National Bible Society of Scotland to Nyasaland. We who have had the Bible in our hands for generations, and to whom it has become a commonplace, cannot realise the eagerness with which these tribes read the word which is to them fresh and new. The Church which is arising in Nyasaland is a Church reared upon the knowledge of the Word of God—and against that Church the gates of hell will not prevail. In his little room off the verandah, where from his desk he can lift his eyes to see the sunrise on the hills, Dr. Hetherwick wrestles with the problem of how best to express Jeremiah in Nyanja. Through his hands will pass the work of many translators who are labouring at other books of Holy Writ, until at last a complete Bible will emerge for the Mang'anga people. The difficulties of mission work are greatly increased by the number of different languages in one mission sphere. Thus

in Nyasaland, the amount of translation work done can be judged from the fact that in the Nyasaland sphere the following translation work has been done: Nyanja language, the whole Bible; Yao language, the New Testament; Tonga language (Livingstonia), Gospels, Epistles, with part of the Old Testament; Mambwe language, New Testament; Chinamwanga language, St. Luke and St. John and some of the Epistles; Sena language, St. Mark; Wemba language, St. Mark. To get the right word to express the true meaning in these diverse tongues is a difficult task. "I confess that to me there is no moment of deeper humiliation," writes Dr. Hetherwick, "than that in which I discover a word I have been wanting for years and for which I had hitherto used inferior substitutes. The word I had been searching for had been there all the time, though scores of natives had firmly asserted that there was no such word—probably because they had not grasped the idea—and I was inclined to lament the poverty of the language until, one day, while I was talking with a native on some subject wholly remote, the very word I wanted dropped from his lips—the exact word with the exact meaning. It had been there all the time in the native consciousness, only not finding occasion to rise to the surface. Those who work at translations will know what

I mean, and realise how poor a grasp of the native language we have got after all, and yet we are trying to express in it the wonderful thoughts of God.”

There in that little room the most enduring work of all now being done in Nyasaland is being wrought. What Wyclif did for England Dr. Hetherwick and his committee of the United Missions are doing for Nyasaland. To give a completed Bible to millions of the human race—there cannot be a greater work than that on earth. Out of that work there goes forth a power whose end no man can foresee. And yet white men come and go, pass into Nyasaland and out again, without ever so much as knowing that the work which will outlast all they do and see is being quietly done in that little room off the verandah of the thatched manse. It is amazing how blind human beings can be to the realities of life.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST SLAVE-MARKET OF THE WORLD

THE Pearl of the East!—such is the designation which befits Zanzibar. At night, in the splendour of the African moonlight, we approached the far-famed isle, and the lights of the city glimmered across the bay. We could only wonder as to what lay behind the soft curtain of the night. But the morning revealed it. Behind and around lie low palm-crowned hills, bathed in the quivering sunlight ; along the shore stretches a fretted line of houses, white and yellow, with tiers of balconies. Roofs shine red, windows gleam in the morning light, and over all rise the minarets and spires and domes of Zanzibar. It is a city such as the mind has conjured from the *Arabian Nights*. Nail-studded doors look grim in blank walls. Behind them cowering men sheltered when the assassins swept through the narrow streets. Out of them princesses might come forth to-day, veiled and

hooded, fluttering for a great adventure, and Zanzibar would still be the fit setting prepared through the ages for the play.

And yet, if all tales be true, this greatest and most beautiful city of Central Africa is a place all unclean. A city cannot be a slave-market for centuries and love the traffic in human souls so well that it clung to its slave-mart until it was the last in all the world, without paying a great price. The splendour of its Oriental beauty only veils a corruption which makes Zanzibar a "cesspool of wickedness." Every sowing has inevitably its own harvest.

Ere starting forth to view the city, out of many competitors we chose a guide. He was brown and lithe, and the absence of two teeth gave his smile a peculiarly crooked and knowing appearance. But the real reason why we selected him was that he told us his name was "Macgregor." That was irresistible. It was only afterwards that he confided in us that he bore that great name for only two months. A party of Scotsmen had called him by that name, and he adopted it ! He proved an accomplished liar, but his falsehoods were pleasantly set forth and gracefully modified when questioned. He led us through many byways and narrow streets. He pointed with proud gesture to the palace of the Sultan facing the sea.

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It is the poorest apology for a palace that ever bore the name. There is not a suggestion of Oriental splendour in that hotel-like, much-balconied, yellow building. It stands flush with the street; it might almost be a warehouse. But a company of khaki-clad soldiers with red fezzes are drawn up in front of it. Their white officer issues his commands in clear-cut, sharp-ringing sentences. The Governor of British East Africa is coming to pay his respect to His Majesty the Sultan. To-day is indeed historic, for Zanzibar is being passed from the control of the Foreign Office to that of the Colonial Office far away in London. Behind the yellow balconies the Governor of East Africa may be going through some dignified ceremonies. Hence the guard of honour with their band standing in the broiling sun. For Britain provides its Sultans with every symbol of honour and dignity—but all the power lies in little rooms which are elsewhere. And because it is so, Zanzibar is in one sense at least the cleanest of cities, and on the way to becoming a health resort!

As we left the palace front, "Macgregor" drew our attention to the Sultan's harem—a gaol-like building uglier even than the palace. As the present Sultan is a monogamist the harem has been converted to other uses, and "Mac-

gregor " led the way into the Princes Street of Zanzibar. A motor-car hooted and swept along it—and the foot passengers dived into doorways. For this chief street of a great city is so narrow that a long-armed man standing in the centre might almost touch the walls on either side with the finger-tips of his outstretched hands. High overhead is the blue sky above the narrow, twisting street. At the shop doors the merchants sit cross-legged waiting for customers, and the pious among them read the Koran devoutly. Along these narrow streets there move with dignified mien the most varied collection of humanity that any city can show.

Here are turbaned merchants of Araby ; Turks and Jews ; Japs and Chinamen ; Persians with flowing sleeves and emblazoned girdles, and Cingalese fragrant with oily curls. Asses pass by heavily laden led by a Somali, half naked but happy. And the veiled women of the East hide their beauty, while the unveiled reveal their ugliness everywhere. On a mule rides a dignified old man with flowing white beard. He might be a Patriarch who wandered with Isaac and Jacob when the world was young. In a flash we realise how they looked as they wandered abroad in Syria so long ago. For it is the centuries and the multitudinous generations of men that move there in turbans and

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coats of many colours along the streets of Zanzibar.

Through the bazaars we passed, and the luxury of the East was there waiting for our purchase. Rich carpets from Persia and shawls from India; carved ivory and ebony; silver wrought into wondrous and lovely filigree, and gold beaten into beauty. Through all that we passed to the native quarters, where the Somalis and Swahilis throng. In thatched huts, behind mud walls, in a maze of alleys, the poor are thronged. In the old days deformity, leprosy, and disease were rampant, and filth blocked the pathways. Men and women and children, and goats and asses and cows, dwelt huddled together under the same roof. But the old days are dead. The British power behind the Sultan has swept the roads and separated between man and beast. We walked through the native quarter of Zanzibar, with "Macgregor" leading the way through the labyrinth, and we have not carried away even the memory of a smell. Such is the power of the Britannic sanitation!

It was the old slave-market that made to us the greatest appeal. Our guide waved his hand towards the place. And we remembered how hither the greed of man brought ship-loads of human misery and sold them here to the

traders of all the East. It did not interest "Macgregor" much; but we remembered, and turned aside into the English cathedral, built on the site of the old slave-market. It is here that one realises the history of Africa's woe. No achievement of the Universities Mission makes a greater appeal to the imagination than this cathedral, built on that spot where once stood the citadel of Satan. Where the whipping-post of the slave-market stood, now stands the altar of the cathedral. It is a tale of human interest how that cathedral came to be there.

In Nyasaland Bishop Mackenzie lost his life through conflict with slave-raiders. From the fight the good bishop carried away on his shoulder a little rescued slave-girl, and he carried her himself because "she was such a little one." But when he died with his work scarce begun, his successor, Bishop Tozer, sounded a retreat from Nyasaland and fixed on Zanzibar as his base of operations. The crowning horror then at Zanzibar was the open slave-market. "In that slave-market," said Sir Bartle Frere, "I saw the slaves lying in dozens and scores, some of them chained and all of them bearing on their faces and emaciated limbs the stamp of servitude." "There," says Bishop Steere, "were the rows of men, women, and children, salesmen and

purchasers passing in and out among them, examining them, handling them, chaffering over them, and bandying their filthy jokes about them, and worse scenes still going on in all the huts around." This was in 1873. But in that year the treaty abolishing slavery in Zanzibar was signed, and an end was put to that scourge which had so long "desolated Africa, degraded Europe, and afflicted humanity." It was then that the noble thought was conceived of erecting a Christian church on the site of the old slave-market. One of the clergy bought a site, but the scene of all the cruelties was a free gift to the mission of a rich Hindu merchant.

In a mud hut the first services were held by Bishop Steere, that "downright shirt-sleeve man and real Bible Christian." On Christmas Day, 1873, the foundation-stone was laid to the strains of "Jerusalem the Golden," and for four years the good bishop laboured at its building. He was a great linguist, and he was translating the Scriptures, superintending his diocese, and acting as master-builder all at the same time. His great achievement was the roof. Over the nave he threw a great arch of pounded coral mixed with cement, tunnel-shaped. There it stands to this day. The natives thought that medicine (charms) had been put into that roof to keep it up. Behind the

communion table rests the body of its builder, Bishop Steere, and few have so lovely a monument. Basilican in type, mixed Gothic and Arabic in style, with a fine apse decorated with copper panels and paintings, paved with black-and-white marble, the church is a treasure-house of beauty. But above all does it delight the imagination to think that here, on the very site of the last stronghold of slavery, psalms and hymns and spiritual songs rise heavenward, and that gospel is faithfully preached whose greatest achievement is this, that because of it to-day no man in all the world can sell his brother-man into bondage or lay the yoke of slavery on his neck.

Here one realises how noble a heritage is theirs who are citizens of Britain. It is our race who delivered Africa from the slave-driver. The Anglo-Saxon race has felt the call to free the slaves as surely as inspired prophets of old heard the Unseen summoning them to the height of vision and the field of self-sacrifice. To the English Christianity came because Anglican youths exposed in the slave-market at Rome caught the eyes of Gregory the Great. That race that owes its religion to slaves, felt as no other race the call to deliver the world's slaves, and right nobly did it pour out the treasure of human life in that great cause. It was said of

Wilberforce that his offering at the footstool of God was the fetters of thousands of slaves. It was the voice of Livingstone that sounded the clarion, and we are of the race that rallied to the call !

It was an evening of magic beauty when we sailed out of Zanzibar. The sun was set, but the full moon was risen. Day and night met in a haze of deepest blue. And through the haze rose white spires, and, fringing the white sands, palace and consulate and hospital and warehouse were all touched by a magic wand. Even the palace was beautiful then. And the dhows lay at anchor with the tide lapping their sides. Here and there amid the white a palm tree stood clear against the deep blue, cloudless sky. Out of this bay sailed many a fleet, issued many an expedition. Livingstone and Stanley, Kirk, Cameron, and Keith Johnston, and many more went hence to plunge into the heart of the dark continent, and many never returned. But our ship to-day only carries the planter, the trader, the pioneer—these dauntless men who are everywhere going forth to lay the foundations of the empire of the future. The light of prophecy is in their eyes, though they know it not. They see the future which is yet to be—cities and provinces and commonwealths of which they

are the pioneers and founders. And all that has come because of dauntless men who, in the spirit of great adventure, went forth from Zanzibar, counting not their lives dear unto them, a handful of years ago.

CHAPTER X

THE MOST WONDERFUL RAILWAY IN THE WORLD

MOMBASA is the port of entry into British East Africa and Uganda, and as such is destined to become the greatest city on the east coast. It possesses a harbour which could shelter the whole British Fleet ; and the narrow entrance to it across the coral reef is deep. Mombasa is built on an island, sun-baked and wind-swept, and the anchorage now used by the ocean boats, Kilindini, is in the south channel. There the British Government are to build piers at the ultimate cost of three millions sterling ! But that is in the future, and we land in boats. On trolley cars running on rails, and pushed by natives, we hurry into Mombasa, a mile or so away. These trolley cars run through the city everywhere. You want to go anywhere, and a car is lifted on to the rails, and the natives push behind, and off you go. Going downhill the natives cease to push, and step on the car behind, and you

sweep downward at a great pace. The Mombasa trolley cars are an exciting institution.

Approached from Kilindini, Mombasa is disappointing. But if one sails round the island and suddenly, coming round a headland, sees Mombasa on the high, jagged cliffs and rocks rising steeply from the sea, tower and turret and dome gleaming in the sun, then the beauty of that ancient city stands revealed. It has been the battleground of the nations. Arabs and Portuguese have here fought for mastery, generation after generation, and the narrow streets have swum with blood. Its streets were oft congested with slave-gangs, its warehouses glutted with ivory. And there, beside the sea, is the monument of a great race fallen into decay—the great fort, every stone of which the Portuguese carried hither from Lisbon and erected in this great pile which was to perpetuate their Empire in East Africa.

At Mozambique, on a headland, stands another fort—every stone of which that wonderful race of another day bore also from Lisbon. What a marvellous thing is the growth, fruition, and decay of nations! How incredible it must have seemed once that the race which gave to the West the first knowledge of this continent, which subjugated kingdoms and penetrated into

the dark unknown, which swept over the world as a tide irresistible, should at last come to the condition of impotence and degenerate inaction in which the Portuguese now everywhere are in Africa. It has come to this, that in Africa to-day stagnation marks those regions left in the Portuguese sway. The finest harbour in East Africa, the natural port of entry to Nyasaland and Central Africa, is Port Amelia. But Port Amelia is in the hands of the Portuguese, and the stillness of tropical heat, unbroken by the clang of hammer or the stir of industry, broods over it. Over Mombasa the Union Jack waves, and its harbours are crowded by shipping. The long viaduct spans the channel, and the heavily laden trains clang across it, speeding inland into the heart of Africa, bearing the dynamic power of Great Britain. Perhaps, in the centuries to come, that great viaduct and these vast piers now to be built will be the monument of another great race—spent and decayed. For the history of the world is the history of the growth and decay of races and empires.



It was at Mombasa that the tide of Western civilisation first beat on the East Coast of Africa, time and again swept back like a wave

at the base of the cliffs, but destined at last to break through and sweep over the continent. The modern history of these efforts begins with the arrival of a German, Johann Ludwig Kraff, who was sent hither by the Church Missionary Society, and landed at Mombasa on January 3rd, 1844. Six months later he buried his wife, and wrote to his Society :

“ Tell our friends at home that there is now on the East Coast a lonely missionary grave. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world, and as the victories of the Church are gained by stepping over the graves of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore.” A right noble and dauntless man, this Johann Ludwig Kraff. Over that lonely grave the tide has rolled since ceaselessly, irresistibly ! He compiled a Swahili dictionary, translated the Scriptures, and dug deep the foundations.

A man of humour also, as this entry in his journal proves : “ This morning, March 9th, 1848, two old women, as self-righteous as any person in Europe can be, paid me a visit. When I spoke of the evil heart of man, one of them said, ‘ Who has been slandering me to you ? I have a good heart and know no sin.’ The

other said : ' I came to you to ask for a garment, and not to listen to your discourse.' ” But the most memorable fact about this Kraff is this, that it was he who, in one of his many journeys inland, first saw Mount Kenia (December 3rd, 1849)—“two large horns or pillars, as it were, rising over an enormous mountain . . . covered with white substance.” But the scientific world refused to believe in snow-capped mountains on the Equator, and the dauntless explorer received nought but mocking and abuse for his reward !

Such has always been the folly of human judgment based on preconceived theories. But this man Kraff would but little heed the laughter of the wise for memory of the glory hanging there high in heaven, where Kenia leaps upward, clothed in white, above the clouds. I have seen nothing in Africa that can compare to the marvellous beauty of Kenia suddenly unveiling its snow-crowned head in the setting sun. But of that another time.

In these last years since the days of Kraff this town of Mombasa has experienced the development of a thousand years. To-day a cathedral stands there, a gem of Moorish architecture perfectly adapted to Christian worship. Across the channel stands Freretown, with a large Christian population. Sir Bartle Frere

in 1872 urged the Church Missionary Society to establish at Mombasa a settlement for liberated slaves, and two years later a beginning was made, and it was called Freretown in his honour. In a year 500 rescued slaves were established there. To walk through Freretown to-day is to realise what these last years have done for Africa. There Archdeacon Binns, the apostle of the Swahilis, carries on the work to-day as he has done for thirty years ; and the erstwhile slaves, in church and school and hospital, have learned the liberating and elevating power of Christianity. And hard by, beside the blue channel of the sea, sleeps in her lonely grave the wife of Johann Ludwig Kraff, the first of all those who in these latter days have died even for this end.

As it was with Nyasaland so also with British East Africa. It was through the enterprise of a Scotsman that this great province was added to the Empire. Here as elsewhere it was not by the policy of her statesmen but by the foresight and wisdom of her sons that kingdoms and races were brought under the British flag. The first efforts of Sir William Mackinnon were frustrated by the lack of support from the Government at home. It was not till May, 1887,

that Sultan Bargash of Zanzibar granted a concession of his mainland territory to Mackinnon, and the Imperial British East Africa Company received a Royal Charter in 1888. The first administrator of the new company was Sir George Smith Mackenzie, and the tablet to his memory in Mombasa Cathedral records that: "One of the first Acts of Administration was the redemption of 1422 domestic slaves at Rabai." That tablet visualises for us what the coming of the British rule meant for East Africa—it meant the breaking of the slaves' shackles, the dawn of the day of human freedom.

It was wholly through the labours of this company that British East Africa and Uganda were saved to the Empire, and Scotsmen have reason to be proud of the fact that Sir William Mackinnon and Sir George Mackenzie bore the burden of the deed. In 1895, the company's resources proving unequal to the task of constructing the railway from Mombasa to Lake Nyanza, and Sir William Mackinnon having died, the company transferred its territory to the Foreign Office, and its name was fixed as the East Africa Protectorate, and the British Government set itself to build the railway. Colonel Marchmont appeared at the sources of

the Nile and created a ferment. There was a rising in Uganda, and troops had to be sent. So Lord Salisbury at a cost of five millions sterling constructed the most wonderful railway in the world—the Uganda Railway. That railway has transformed East Africa. Along it a new stream of palpitative vitality has flowed into the heart of Africa like an electric current along a wire, and the mass of humanity that lay inert for centuries is suddenly galvanised into life. How this railway has brought trade to Africa can be judged from the fact that the import and export at its port of Hilindini totalled in 1908–9, £1,600,000, and that in 1911–12 it increased to £3,700,000. And the journey which cost the early missionaries and explorers three or four months of incredible hardships and peril can now be done in less than forty-eight hours. But, best of all, the slave routes through the bush are deserted, and the trade in human lives has so utterly disappeared that it is difficult to realise that only a few years ago the horror and shame of it lay over all the land. If a man wants to realise the power of the British Empire let him travel to the heart of Africa by the Uganda Railway.



In tropical heat the wood-piled engine starts slowly from Mombasa. The East watches with

languid interest from the platform; Arabs are there, Hindus, Somalis, Goanese, and a mingling of races strangely and scantily clad. Across the island, among the cocoanut trees, moves the train, gathering speed, and clanks across the great iron viaduct that spans the channel. Then it begins straightway to climb, up and up the backbone of the continent. Through a forest of palms it goes, and now below through the trees the eye sees glimpses of beauty—the channel glowing in the sun, the gleam of the river, and the hot light glowing over Mombasa. Soon it plunges into the jungle and everywhere the land is choked by a fruitless vegetation. The heat is stifling. For 200 miles the engine pants through thorny scrub. Of this tract forty miles are without water—a deathtrap to the explorers and missionaries of other days. That a railway should ever have passed through this region is a marvel. Out of this scrub the lions leaped on the workmen and devoured many of them. But the lions could not devour or conquer these indomitable men who pushed on an iron road to grapple a continent to the Empire.

At Tsavo we have come 133 miles and have risen to 1530 feet. It was here that the lions—the “man-eaters of Tsavo”—demoralised the Indian workmen and for a time stopped the

making of the railway. The train swings on into higher altitudes, and emerges on to a plain, level, far-flung, undulating like the sea, with rounded hills here and there. To the left there appears in the clouds a snow-covered mass. It is Mount Kilimanjaro, over 19,000 feet high, faint and elusive in the far distance. Night descends. Dinner is served in a dak bungalow at a station, while the engine woods (coals in Scotland.) Noiseless Indians wait at the table. The night, mysterious, full of strange and weird noises, enfolds us. On we go again. It is now getting cold. We are between 4000 and 5000 feet above the sea. Wrapped in rugs we sleep, and the train speeds on. When the morning breaks we are in a great plain, teeming with game. It is the game preserve. We are now 5350 feet high, and shivering with cold in the grey twilight, we think of winter overcoats. And now for miles through the windows we watch the herds of game. We saw that morning herds of hartebeeste, Thomson's gazelle, zebras, waterbuck, giraffe, gnu, Grant's gazelle, sable antelope. A wild ostrich raced the train for a mile, and stopped not because he was beaten, but because he thought of his breakfast. One passenger saw a lion crouching in the long grass. In this huge game preserve the amateur sportsman is provided not with sport but

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with slaughter. At noon we come to Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa.

Thirteen years ago three tents constituted all that there was of Nairobi; five years ago a few iron and tin shanties, formed the embryonic Nairobi; now it is a city of teeming life. A city in the making!—scaffolding everywhere, a lumber of stones at every corner—to-morrow the scaffolding and the grey stones will be great and imposing buildings. You will meet at Nairobi men who will tell you how a decade ago they could have bought for a mere trifle all the land on which Nairobi now stands. The regret in their voices as they speak is that of men who missed the chance of becoming millionaires. A swamp at the base of a hill, then an encampment, then a railway workshop, then a tin township—to-morrow a great city—such is the history of Nairobi in a dozen years or so. And the climate is delightful, 5450 feet above the sea—here white men can live and be happy. And at the heart of Nairobi is “Mackinnon’s corner,” and if you enter that great warehouse and address the proprietors in Gaelic and say that you come from the Isle of Skye—then you can have anything in that great shop for nothing!

But though Nairobi be the capital, and though its population of 20,000 are all living

in a future when they will number themselves by the hundred thousand, and laying down their streets and sewers for the next century, yet Nairobi is a mere accident in the course of the railway. For north-west it winds its way still climbing upward. After Nairobi it rises two thousand feet in twenty-four miles. Now plantations stretch away from the rails and bungalows bask in the sun. And as we rise the cold increases. (At Kikuyu, 7340 feet high and 342 miles from Mombasa, I spent ten days and I never saw the sun. A Scotch mist shrouded the landscape ; and the day was passed in endeavouring to get warm. And that on the Equator !)

A few miles beyond Kikuyu the railway comes suddenly to the edge of a deep gorge. The earth seems to melt away and the engine about to spring into the void. It is one of the most striking transformation scenes in the world. Instantly cultivation ceases, houses vanish, and in front yawns the great Rift Valley, a relic of volcanic conflicts that scarred the continent. Down into the valley by loops and zigzags the line descends for 1450 feet. Timber forests dark and gloomy shut it in. But there below stretches the vast plain, with Mount Longonot, an extinct volcano, rising in its centre 9000 feet. Across the valley we rush—that valley which stretches from Lake Nyasa, through Lake Rudolf, through

Abyssinia, across the Red Sea, through the Dead Sea, and up the valley of the Jordan. Forty to sixty miles across it we hasten, and think of that awful force which rent the surface of the earth from Galilee to Lake Nyasa. And then this wondrous railway begins to climb again. Up the hills it corkscrews, determined after its fall that it will rise higher than ever. And up it climbs until on the Mau Escarpment it reaches an altitude of 8320 feet. Here the far-stretching views, bounded by mountains blue and dim to the far north, are impressive in their vastness. Far below the limitless plains stretch, with a haze now yellow, now grey, now golden spread over them. And now the engine dips downward. For a hundred miles it slowly descends. The night falls, and you sleep. If it be the Mau Escarpment, you will awake shivering with cold, your teeth chattering, and you will recall with wonder your former ideas of equatorial climate. The morning breaks, and you look out at the window, and a new race stare from the long grass at the passing train. They are naked and unashamed. The train stops, and on the platform a woman clothed in two or three mosquitoes gazes at you unwinking. These are the Kavorondos, a tribe without any use for tailors or dressmakers, clean of limb and straight as a dart, innocent

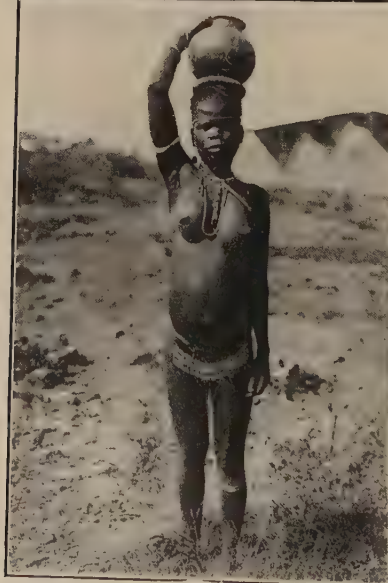
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1. A KIKUYU WOMAN CARRYING LOAD
3. A KAVARONDO WOMAN IN FULL DRESS

2. A MASAI WOMAN IN FULL DRESS
4. A KISU WITH PIG'S TUSKS

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even of palm leaves, and the most moral tribe in Equatorial Africa! Doubtless the gentle Kavorondos have problems of their own to solve; but they are at least saved one problem—the problem of what to wear. But on we go; the heat, as we descend, returns. The teeth cease to chatter. We pass through the territory of the Nandi, who stole the railway materials for weapons and the telegraph wire for ornaments. It is not strange that they should steal them. If in Edinburgh telegraph wires were as valuable as the finest gold, and rails as precious as the dearest gems, they would be stolen too! And here wire on wrist and ankle is the most treasured and valuable ornament, bolts and rivets the most lethal of weapons. Across a level plain at last we hurry, and here gleams Lake Victoria Nyanza, and, having descended 4660 feet, the railway stops. In its course of 584 miles we have passed through a score of different climates; we have shivered with cold, and we have been as melting butter, and here is the end. For the Uganda Railway does not reach Uganda. The rest of the journey must be by the steamer waiting there at the wharf.



It is unique among railways, this Uganda Railway. It was sanctioned by Lord Salisbury as a move in the game of high politics.

It was to secure the sources of the Nile; it was to destroy the slave-trade. But the sources of the Nile were secure ere it was finished, and the slave-trade well-nigh dead. Then it was considered a folly—a magnificent folly. But so far from being a folly, the railway has awakened the heart of a continent to life. Along it now there streams in endless file a multitude of men, with the hunger for adventure and life in their eyes. The land that was deemed useless has revealed itself as rolling downs, green as Devonshire and richer far. Everywhere farms are being laid out, towns being erected, and the grey stone being quarried. Men come to a lonely station on the line, and they look far away towards the mountains, and plunge into the unknown. They speak strange tongues. They talk of coffee and rubber and sisal and wattle bark, and each of these shimmers with gold as they talk. And in the unknown you hear of a store rising up, and then a township, and then a church. And now the line cannot cope with the traffic. The “folly” of yesterday is the most excellent wisdom of to-day. New loans for extension are the talk of the moment. Here in British East Africa one sees Bret Harte’s tales of the Far West in a new setting—another Empire in the making, and that under the vertical rays of the Equator.

But what does the Kikuyu there in the long grass, with his body daubed all over with grease and red earth, and his red blanket billowing out behind him, leaving his figure naked to the eye, gazing at the train as it passes, think of it all? He has a heavy spear poised in his hand. What does he think? This is what he thinks, or says, for who knows what he thinks? He says that the white man has come hither because his own land is so cold, and he wanted to get warm; and because his own land was poor and barren, the white man has come to this land because it is rich, and food comes easily out of it. He cannot tell how a train goes west in the morning and another goes east in the evening on the same rails. He has theories that the one has jumped over the other—theories very like those cherished at home regarding the great Unknown. And he says, also, that when the white man will have got all he wants, he will pack up his railway again and depart with it the way he came, and that then he (the Kikuyu) will be left, as of old, the sole lord of the land. That is what the Kikuyu says. And who knows but that he may be right? The Britons and Caledonians were the Kikuyus of the Roman Empire, and the Romans built walls from sea to sea as wonderful as this Uganda Railway. But the Romans packed up and went. History

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is monotonous in the way the same things happen over and over again. The Kikuyu in his red blanket, and smelling vilely with his grease-daubed body, may be quite right.

CHAPTER XI

UNION IN THE MISSION FIELD. THE DAWN OF THE NEW DAY IN EAST AFRICA

NO difficulty confronting the enterprise of Christian missions in Africa is greater than that which is created by the riven and divided state of Christendom. Mohammedanism presents to heathenism a united front ; Christianity is broken into fractions. Behind Islam there is the driving force of an intense realisation of one fact—"There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet"; the power behind Christianity seems often to be only the desire of one fraction to supplant another. The faith of the Mohammedan becomes forged into steel on the anvil of fanaticism ; that of the Christian becomes soft as lead in the cooling winds of controversy. The amazing thing is that Christianity should, in its present condition, be winning victories. That it is sweeping masses of heathen into the fold is undoubted. That it should do so in its present

plight is the proof of its vitality. Were Christianity united in the campaign against heathenism and Islam its day of final victory would speedily dawn.

At present Christianity offers to the heathen neither a common policy, a common gospel, nor a common worship. On one side of Lake Nyasa the Universities Mission trains the African in a highly ornate and liturgical worship; on the other side of the Lake the Livingstonia Mission grounds the African in the principles of Puritanism—every man prays and worships as he pleases. In Livingstonia the Sabbath rest is grimly enforced; in the Universities Mission the Sabbath ends at noon—at least, the Sabbath as the Livingstonia Mission knows it. A native Christian from Livingstonia crosses the lake, and he goes to worship with his fellow-Christians in Likoma Cathedral. The result is that he can make nothing of the strange, ornate, and unfamiliar worship. “If God had meant us to wear all these things when we pray, a man would be born with a shirt on him,” said a Christian native to Doctor Laws as his impression of surplices! Can this be Christianity? the Livingstonia Christian ask himself in Likoma. A native Christian comes from Likoma to Livingstonia, and he is repelled by the absence of everything that he has been taught—no common

prayer, no outward attitude of reverence, and a grappling with the problem of election of which he has not previously heard. The attitude of these good Christians at Livingstonia as they present themselves at the footstool of God, sitting on their seats while prayer is being offered, listening to a prayer in which they take no part—a prayer which is an oration addressed in familiar terms to the Almighty—strikes a chill into the heart of the Christian from Likoma. They seem to him as ill-bred boors who know not the reverence which becometh those who draw near to God. Why, the very Mohammedans are more akin to him—they at least feel the awe of approaching God, and the prostrations of their bodies witness to the adoration and homage of their souls. But these Christians at Livingstonia neither prostrate themselves nor kneel, and behave as if they were mannerless children who had wandered into a King's palace. Can this be Christianity? asks the Likoma Christian when he comes to Livingstonia. And Likoma does not pass him on to the charge of Livingstonia—for Livingstonia does not possess a church in the Likoma's understanding of the word. And in every sphere of Christian activity in Africa it is the same. The Baptists confront the Universities Mission, saying, "You must be immersed to be a Chris-

tian." The "Seventh Day Adventists" confront the Baptists saying, "You must keep the Seventh Day holy and not the first, and so be a Christian." The Brethren confront the Baptists and the Friends the Brethren—and each raises his testimony to the truth. And the African, in his bewilderment, asks, "What is *the truth*?"

By none is the hindrance to the cause of missions created by this situation realised so keenly as by the missionaries; and nowhere is there so keen a desire for their removal as in the mission fields themselves. Everywhere missionaries are moving towards the realisation of a common policy, a common worship, and at last a United Church. It was my good fortune to meet this new spirit of unity in various places. At Blantyre I found the Presbytery of the Church of Scotland Mission discussing the terms of the Constitution of the future United Church, which is to embrace the Church of Scotland Blantyre Mission and Livingstonia Mission of the U.F.C. in Nyasaland. When this union is consummated the first fruit of it will doubtless be that a common order of worship and prayer will be provided for the United Church. In the Church of Scotland Missions in the Shiré Highland, there is a beautiful and reverent order of worship which Dr. Clement Scott drew up and

which Dr. Hetherwick has developed ; and if, as the result of union, this or a similar order of service become the common order for the United Missions, then the worship in the Livingstonia churches will be greatly enriched, and one difficulty removed from the path of the native Christian. This will be the first great result of union in the mission fields.



But the strange thing I found was that the Universities Mission, which claims David Livingstone as its founder, refuses to have part or parcel in any conference with other missions, and stands aloof from every effort to remove the evil which now afflicts the enterprise of missions in Africa. The attitude of the Universities Mission has been defined by Bishop Hine in a letter refusing to take part in a missionary conference.¹ “I do trust,” wrote the Bishop, “that we of the African Church . . . may be able to work along with the various Nonconformist missions in the spirit of Genesis xiii. 8. There are, unfortunately, certain differences—to us Churchmen of vital importance—between us and you, and we cannot ignore these differences. . . . There was, I understand, some sort of agreement . . . by which N.E. Rhodesia was divided up among the several missionary societies

¹ See Appendix II.

at that time scattered through the land. . . . Personally, I should not have consented to any such limitations being put on my sphere of work. . . . We of the U.M.C.A. have never wished to interfere with or encroach on mission districts already occupied by other societies. But we have always refused to bind ourselves not to do so if any call should come." Not only did Bishop Hine refuse to have part in a conference—a refusal to which the Universities Mission has since adhered—but he claims the right to enter into the spheres of other missions and there insert into the body of Christianity the divisive force of his distinctive principles. And this letter, designating other missions as "nonconformist," was addressed to Dr. Hetherwick, of the Church of Scotland Mission !

And that in Nyasaland, which to-day is part of the British Empire and fast becoming Christian because of Scottish enterprise and Scottish missions. Bishop Hine, in this attitude, invokes the fact that he is sent to Africa "by the chief authorities of the English Church to teach the whole truth to the people of this land." But Bishop Hine and the Universities Mission are manifestly ignorant of the Encyclical of the Lambeth Conference. "Every opportunity," says the Lambeth Encyclical, "should be welcomed of co-operation between members of

different communions in all matters pertaining to the social and moral welfare of the people. . . . The constituted authorities of the Anglican Communion should, as opportunity offers, arrange conferences with the representatives of other Christian Churches. . . .” The attitude of the Universities Mission is not only alien to the spirit of Christianity and inimical to its interests, but it is directly contrary to the resolutions of the Lambeth Conference—the voice of the world-wide Anglican Church. In this the Universities Mission cannot shelter itself behind the Archbishop of Canterbury.

But there is a fate which overtakes a spirit such as this and metes out the due reward. And in this case the instrument is the White Fathers. That energetic and militant mission of the Roman Catholic Church enters into the sphere of the Universities Mission, and proclaims to the African that the Anglican Church is not a Church, and that it possesses neither an ordained ministry nor sacraments! Sitting on the deck of the *Dunvegan Castle*, I listened to a devoted missionary of the English Church telling the story of his troubles with the White Fathers—how they came into his sphere, created dispeace, and proclaimed to the natives that he was not a true Christian. “It did not trouble

me," he said, "that they denied my orders." It may not have troubled him, though I am afraid it did, that the White Fathers denied his "orders," but it certainly troubles the Africans. And though the attitude of the Universities Mission may not trouble the Scottish and other missions, so far as they themselves are concerned, yet it certainly mars and hinders the progress of the Church and troubles the African. It is a sad and humbling thing that so great and beneficent a mission as the U.M.C.A. should have wandered so far from the spirit of its founder, David Livingstone, that its policy towards other Christian missions should be the policy of the White Fathers towards itself—that of isolation and the refusal of all co-operation. It is this spirit that clouds the Christian horizon in Nyasaland. But Christianity is so great a force that it cannot be hindered even by such tethers.



There was an hour in the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh which those who were privileged to be present can never forget. It was that hour when that great assembly humbled itself before God because of the evils which have come upon the Church through the breaches of



THE MISSION CONFERENCE AT KIKUYU WHICH ADOPTED A SCHEME FOR MISSION FEDERATION
IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA : THE RIGHT REV. BISHOPS PEEL AND WILLIS IN THE CENTRE

unity. As a strong man crying aloud in the dark, the voice of supplication arose from the great convocation praying that the hindrances which dissension threw in the way of the gospel's march might be removed, and that the Church everywhere might listen to its founder's prayer that they might be one. And that hour in Edinburgh, three years ago, is now transforming Christianity. Everywhere is the stirring of life—men grouping to grasp each other's hands. It was at Kikuyu, in British East Africa, that I realised this in its fullness. There I found the first fruit being gathered of the World Missionary Conference.

When I arrived at Kikuyu I was taken straightway to a meeting of a conference of the missions in British East Africa. It was the most wonderful gathering I ever saw. It had represented in it all the Protestant missions in the Protectorate—Church of England, Church of Scotland, the Africa Inland Mission [American] the Friends' Industrial Mission [Quakers], the United Methodists, the Lutheran Mission, and the Seventh Day Adventists. Bishop Willis, of Uganda, was in the chair, and Bishop Peel, of British East Africa, was in a front seat. On the right of Bishop Willis sat Dr. Arthur, of the Church of Scotland Mission, and on his left the secretary of the Conference. The place of

meeting was the schoolroom of the Church of Scotland Mission, and the subject of discussion was the federation of the missions in East Africa. For three years preparations were being made for this end. The originator of the scheme was Dr. Henry Scott, of the Church of Scotland Mission, whose death British East Africa still mourns. It was Dr. Scott and Bishop Willis who laid down the principles on which federation could be achieved ; it was left to Bishop Willis to carry them through. At that first meeting I attended Bishop Willis expounded the scheme already in print, and thereafter the Conference broke up that each section might consult in private. And that evening and next morning the Conference met for prayer. For on the morrow the issue was to be decided whether Christianity could unite its forces in British East Africa, and each member of the Conference felt the solemnity and paramount importance of the morrow's issues.

When the morrow came, once or twice it seemed as if the movement were going to fail—as if Dr. Henry Scott had laboured in vain. There were moments of tense feeling, as when Bishop Willis quietly asked the Seventh Day Adventist : “ You grant that I am a Christian ? ” “ Yes,” was the answer. “ You would admit me to your Communion ? ” went on the Bishop.

“Yes,” answered the Seventh Day Adventist, “but not to full membership until you were baptised again.” Laughter always eases strain, and the strain was thus eased. No difficulty was put forward which Christian forbearance and charity were not able to remove. And the historic conference at Kikuyu passed the scheme for the federation of the missions in British East Africa. In the history of missions the day will doubtless prove of epoch-making import. It was the first day on which Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists united on a common policy.

What is the foundation on which this federation is to be reared? The best way to answer is to quote the official documents.

“With a view to ultimate union of the native Churches, a federation of missionary societies shall be formed.

“The basis of federation shall consist in :—

“1. The loyal acceptance of the Holy Scriptures as the supreme rule of faith and practice; of the Apostles’ and Nicene Creeds as a general expression of fundamental Christian belief; and in particular belief in the absolute authority of Holy Scriptures as the Word of God; in the

Deity of Jesus Christ ; and in the atoning death of Our Lord as the ground of our forgiveness.

“ 2. Recognition of common membership between the Churches in the federation.

“ 3. Regular administration of the two sacraments by outward signs.

“ 4. A common form of Church organisation.”

The missions in British East Africa have solved the problem of how to combine Episcopacy and Presbyterianism. The form of organisation for the future native Church will consist of Parochial Council, corresponding to the kirk-session ; District Council, corresponding to the Presbytery ; and Representative Council, corresponding to the Synod. This is already the organisation by which the Uganda Mission has been developed, completed by the Episcopate as the cope-stone—a perfect blending of Bishop and presbyters. Meanwhile each society is autonomous within its own sphere ; only the organisation of the future native Church is to be developed along these lines. And the federated missions are to respect each other's spheres, to observe a common Church discipline, have a common prescribed course

of study for the native ministry, and each minister shall be "duly set apart by lawful authority and by the laying on of hands." The unanimity with which Anglican and Presbyterian insisted on that last clause was a revelation of the fact that priest and presbyter are at one in regard to things essential; and, most important of all, they are to develop a common order of Christian worship so that the native Christian shall everywhere feel at home. One last quotation from the official document must suffice: "All recognised as ministers in their own Churches shall be welcomed as visitors to preach in other federated Churches."

On the evening of that day, June 20th, on which the Conference passed the scheme of federation, a service of Holy Communion was held in the Scottish Church at Kikuyu. Bishop Peel administered the sacrament; a minister of the Church of Scotland preached the sermon; and all the mission delegates received the Holy Communion from the Bishop's hands. There was no question of any difference between them. All the things that ever separated Christians were submerged by the rising tide of love and unity which had borne them upward to that hour. It was a day the impulse of which will

be felt throughout every mission field in the world. The missionaries in British East Africa and Uganda have given the Christian world an object-lesson in the spirit of unity. They have shown how it is possible for Christians to be "one that the world may believe."



And on the morrow the delegates assembled in the church, and there Bishop Peel dedicated and Bishop Willis unveiled two memorial windows erected in memory of Dr. Henry Scott. At Zomba, far away in Nyasaland, I preached to the largest native congregation that I have seen in Africa in the beautiful church which Dr. Henry Scott had erected there. When he came to British East Africa he went on building churches, and at Nairobi it was my privilege to preach to a large congregation of Scots in the church he built there. And ere the windows were unveiled in the church he built at Kikuyu, Bishop Peel laid on the altar of his memory a moving tribute of gratitude. It was because of him that these wonderful things had come about in British East Africa ; because of the dreams that he dreamed and the wise devisings that he devised that their hearts were gladdened by the vision of the coming United Church. And in the little

graveyard outside in the sunshine, Henry Scott slept his last sleep. How little does Scotland or the Church of Scotland realise the greatness of her sons who go forth into the world, and thus lay in the heart of heathen darkness the foundations of the Kingdom of God.

CHAPTER XII

THE DEAD MAN ON THE ROADSIDE

“Judge not the play until the play be done.
. . . The last act crowns the play.”

THERE was a sudden, sharp explosion like a pistol-shot, and the hot motor-car had to stop for repairs. We were on the main trunk road that runs from Nairobi northward to Nyeri, and the great plain of the British East Africa tableland stretched on all sides, bounded by dim and far-distant hills. It was because of that tyre-burst that I saw the dead man on the roadside. While we sat waiting, a native girl came running to the missionary and said, “There is a dead man in the bush there.” A few steps from the road, veiled by a stunted bush, he lay there on his side, his palm under his head, the red blanket in a heap by his side, a cloud of flies and insects buzzing round him beginning their banquet. When the night came the hyenas would finish the work. For no Kikuyu will

ever touch or bury the dead. The dying are carried out into the bush, and there left to the hyenas. As the witch-doctor is not an expert at diagnosis, the result is that a multitude who would in the course of nature recover, are carried out to the bush, and there prematurely sacrificed to the hyenas! Time and again the missionaries hear of the sick thus carried out and left in the bush to their fate. Then search-parties are sent out and the lanterns gleam through the bush. Sometimes they find and sometimes they fail. One night lately as they searched they heard the wail, sharp and tremulous, from the bush, "The hyenas are coming; the hyenas are coming, and death has not. Oh! the hyenas"; and guided by the sound they found the man and bore him to the hospital, and in five days he was cured! He looked strong and well when I saw him there, consigned to the hyenas by his own, resurrected by the white man. "He will be grateful to you for his life," I said to the doctor. "Grateful!" he replied, with a smile, "he does not know what 'grateful' means; he has not even a word for gratitude in his language."

Such are the Kikuyu—a million in number—the lowest of the low in East Africa. But this man there, under the bush, with the insects buzzing round him and the hyenas coming with

the night—what of him ? He was not exposed by his friends. There is no settlement near. He has been at work somewhere, and he was on his way home to the hills. Passing through the swamps that line this road the mosquitoes bit him. Fever developed, and he lay down to pass the night. And away in Kenia they will say of him, as of hundreds others who went out to work, “He hasn’t come back.” Nobody will think of looking for him. For life is cheap in the country of the Kikuyu. But there he lies. Yesterday he was a toiler—a worker after his kind :—

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages on his face
 And on his back the burden of the world.

But there the great mystery has thrown the veil of wonder around him, and one thinks no more of the emptiness of his face. He has been a victim of circumstances—pushed and harried by forces which he could not understand. He never needed to work. Loving and industrious wives, a soil that for the scratching yielded riches—these saved him from the necessity of toil. And yet he lies here, manifestly returning from some work. How came it ? Well, I hate to use the word ; I would not,

if I could avoid it ; but I sadly fear that this man lying dead here, whose bones will to-night be picked clean by the hyenas, is, in his death, a by-product of Forced Labour.

What ! Forced Labour ! under the British flag, that symbol of freedom ! In the territory of an Empire that freed the world's slaves—it is impossible. If this were Portuguese hinterland I could believe it ; but this is the latest and, in its own mind, destined to be among the greatest provinces of the British Empire, and to speak of Forced Labour there is but a baseless slander. It is an ugly word, sure enough, but, after all, what is the Government to do ? If the tide of civilisation is to scatter its blessings over this land, then channels must be made along which the tide will flow. And channels cannot be made without workmen. Roads have to be made, Government houses to be built, swamps to be drained, rivers to be bridged, the bush to be cleared, the ground to be broken up, harvests to be reaped—and all that cries out for workmen. Wherever the British go, there the word Work acquires a new significance. And these races know not what the word means. They will not work. If the white man could himself bend his back to the toil, he would do it. But the vertical sunrays prevent that.

What, then, is to be done? Under the British flag there cannot be forced labour; that would be only slavery under a new guise. The position is of the most difficult. It is here that the genius of the British for development and government manifests itself. They have reconstituted the power of the chiefs; where there were no chiefs they were created. And the Government send word to the chief that they want on a certain day so many men for work. And on that day they are forthcoming. But how? The chief compels the men to go. If a man refuses, his sheep are taken as a fine. And thus the work goes on. If this labour were regular, were a recognised part of the Protectorate organisation, there would be ample provision made for the workers; care would be taken that they return safely home. But as it is, they are treated as voluntary workers; they get their fair wages justly, and there the responsibility ends. And the result is that they sleep on the way by the borders of swamps, and are infected with fever by the mosquitoes that have swamps as their home, so that, after they return to their families, malaria claims them as its own, and "in many hundreds of instances all that remains of the native is a corpse in the bush awaiting the hyena's visit."

It is on this Fort Hall road that the workmen



A KIKUYU LABOUR GANG AND LABOUR AGENTS

become infected with fever returning home. "Porters returning from Government *safaries*, from settlers' farms, from missionaries' *safaries*, from native trading expeditions, have all been found to be infected, and on practically every gang a certain percentage dies as the result of this infection. I have known the percentage of deaths to be as high as 80 and 90 per cent on some gangs." Thus the evidence of Dr. Philp before the Labour Commission, as reported in the local Press. Civilisation marches to its triumph stepping on the heaped-up bodies of the slain. The dead man in the bush there has only stumbled beneath the march of its feet. And after all he was of little value. He knew nothing, could do nothing except wield a hoe unwillingly, and to him the earth was flat and meaningless. Ah! but what was he to himself, as he dimly knew himself, full of the intensest self-realisation, capable of love and laughter, terror and tears, thrilling, throbbing with inarticulate emotion and life's desires? To us so little; to himself so great; and what to the great Artificer who made him? But to him it is over now. He unfortunately stumbled among the feet of the marching host.



But have we not conferred so manifold and great benefits on these native races that the

price they have to pay is ridiculously small in proportion to what they have received? I read an article in *The Times* by a distinguished statesman whose death has saddened all who met him in British East Africa, and, on the spot, his summary of these benefits filled me with racial pride. "A heavy burden of suffering had been lifted from . . . the legitimate victims of the slave-trade"; peace covered the land "whose chiefs wallowed in blood and massacres and mutilations of their hapless subjects"; "the railway and harbour . . . and scientific warfare against disease of man and beast; and the instruction given to natives in the first instance by excellent missionaries . . . has greatly increased the native's resources . . . and comfort." For these so precious benefits a price must, of course, be paid. But are these benefits really so great? Let us examine them.

Inter-tribal wars have ceased. No doubt; but there are greater evils than war. While these races had to fight the young men had to exercise self-restraint and to endure hardness. The life of the whole tribe depended on that. But now the necessity has gone. And what is the result? It is this, that in the new generation all self-restraint has vanished. The erstwhile warriors have succumbed

to unbridled excesses. The energies once devoted to the exercises that self-defence required are now devoted to the orgies of the tribal dances. And the result is that whole tribes are diseased, and a mission hospital in British East Africa can show more repulsive sights of misery than can be equalled in any great city. Have the Government taken steps to put down these Satanic dances? They have not. In India the *suttee* was abolished; but in Africa the British rule has taken no steps to secure that the blessings of peace should not become the curse of physical and moral degeneration—the death-knell of races. We have put down tribal wars; let us take credit for that—but let us not forget that the putting down of war has only meant evils infinitely greater.

We have, however, done more than put down inter-tribal bloodshed; we have brought the blessings of education. But what share of the credit for that can the British governors claim? In British East Africa the work of education is left to the missions; and towards that the Government do not contribute a penny. In Uganda and Nyasaland the Governments help, but not in British East Africa so far as elementary education is concerned. But it does give a grant towards the teaching of handicrafts and agriculture. There are model

farms supported by the authorities. These things are excellent ; let us not, however, claim credit for the things which we do for ourselves. The natives have no use for masons, carpenters, and cabinet-makers in our own meaning of these words. If we train in these crafts, it is for our own ends, that workmen may be there to do our work and not the natives' work. And we have no right to number that among the benefits for which the native has to pay the price.

But we have healed his physical woes ; brought him the benefits of medical science. Well, if this be so, we have done a great deed. But is it so ? In the other days the people kept within their own bounds ; there was no coming and going between mutually hostile tribes. Disease was thus localised. But now, under the ægis of the Britannic peace, the people move about in the fullness of freedom. And with their moving disease is spread. The public medical officers are a mere handful, unable to cope with these hundreds of square miles committed to their charge. And when the Kikuyu return from their periods of forced labour and seek help for their physical woe in the mission hospital, and quinine is served out to them—then, be it remembered that this paternal Government levies an impost on the

very medicines served to the natives, and out of the value of such pockets a tenth. The very philanthropy which seeks from home to heal the woes of men is taxed for its own profit by the Protectorate of British East Africa.



When one considers them, these so valuable benefits which we have conferred on the natives of British East Africa, one does not feel quite so sure that they are worth so great a price—the coin of forced labour. That in any shape or form forced labour should be a part of British rule is a matter that must cause concern. If it be necessary, it ought to be regularised and safeguarded. But the worst form of such labour must inevitably be that exercised through native chiefs and headmen, who have thus put into their hands a weapon by which they can deal with those who find no favour in their eyes.

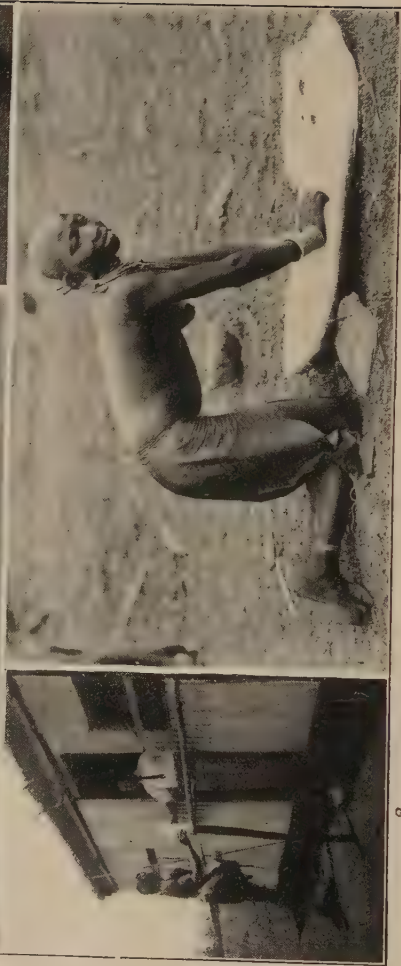
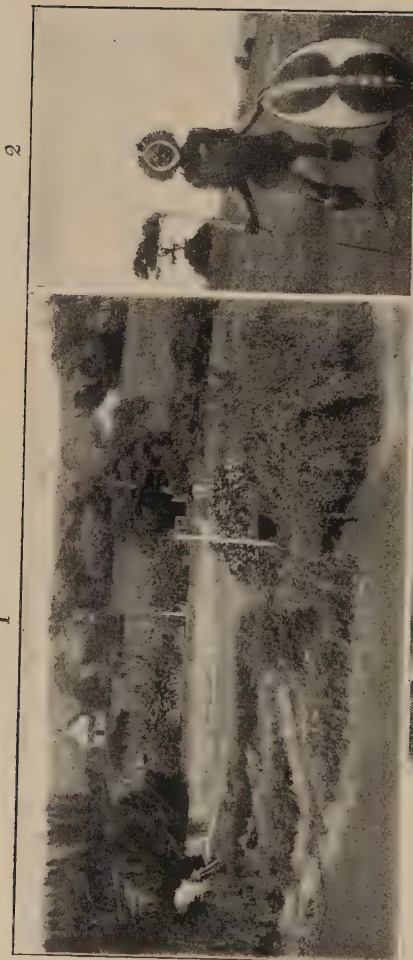
Here is a well-accredited instance of the untold evils lying latent in this system. In Kenia, near the Tumu-Tumu mission station, resides a family—an old man beyond the years suitable for forced labour, a son employed in the mission as quarrier and porter, a second son who, as senior hospital apprentice, rendered great service inoculating for smallpox in the recent outbreak of that disease; a daughter who

is in the mission boarding-house, and a girl named Nutheri, aged twelve, and a boy of seven years. As the rest of the family are in European employ, and thus exempt from forced labour, the only member liable to be taken for such work was the girl Nutheri, aged twelve years. And she was taken by the local headman and carried to Nyeri, fourteen miles away, and her work was the gathering of food for the sheep of the tribal policemen, and to sweep their huts, and to fetch firewood for the officials at Nyeri. These tribal policemen are as a class extremely vile, and this was a girl aged twelve. She was eighteen days there and then allowed to return home. After ten days at home she was called on again to give a day's work helping to repair a Government safari stable. That a girl of that age should be commandeered for forced labour and put into a position of such moral villainy, and that under the aegis of British rule, is a matter that calls for examination and judgment. Doubtless the examination and the judgment will be forthcoming.

What constitutes the difficulty in British East Africa is this, that, unlike Uganda, and, to an extent greater far than in Nyasaland, it is a white man's country. A climate as perfect as that of Southern Europe; a land of plains and rolling downs awaiting to yield its riches;—

the white men are pouring into it and everywhere calling for labour. And the policy by which the native races have been settled in reserves, removed from the settlements and civilising influences of the settlers, has placed a barrier between the demand for labour and its supply. Against that policy that wise ruler Sir Charles Eliot protested, but protested in vain. One cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for the settler, whose work is often rendered fruitless, because, for the lack of workmen, the harvest cannot be reaped. But it is an evil which with patience and wisdom will be righted. It is through education that the remedy must come—and not through a revival of slavery. When these native races are brought to see how much more life can mean and bring to them; when they realise that these blessings are only the fruit of toil—then they will bow their backs to work. Everywhere influences are now operating towards this end; and the result will be manifest more and more. Out of the mud the Kikuyu will arise and claim his share in the harvesting of his land. In British East Africa the British cannot lay aside their high ideal, sacrificing it for any temporary benefit however great. They have not so far descended to the level of those who exploit native races for their selfish ends.

But in British East Africa things have been done which give a pause to the vaunting of our national self-satisfaction. Treaties with a native tribe fixing its territory and its reserves have been put aside, and the vexed question of the Masai and the Government dealing with them is now before the Privy Council. Whatever the issue of that appeal may be, this at least is certain, that in the special circumstances of British East Africa a self-control and restraint are called for on the part of those into whose hands the destinies of this great province are committed. If the price of civilisation be forced labour, and if forced labour mean dead men on the roadside left to the hyenas, and girls of tender age handed over to the most corrupt of men—then the price is too great. The Kikuyu would be better without such a civilisation.



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1. VIEW FROM GARDEN OF KIKUYU MISSION

2. A KIKUYU IN FULL DANCING DRESS

3. ARRIVAL OF THE POST AT TUMU-TUMU MISSION—THE LAST OUT-POST

CHAPTER XIII

AN OUTPOST

UNTIL a few months ago no motor-car was seen on that road which runs north from Nairobi to Nyeri, which the Government has constructed, that the tide of civilisation might ripple up to the base of Mount Kenia. After spending two days on that road, I would say that no motor should be allowed to run on it for years to come. If I was to visit the Kenia Mission I had either to go on safari, which would have taken eight days' travelling, or hire a motor, and with good fortune I might get there in one day, and return in another. So we set forth in a motor. Along the roadside here and there we saw white posts marking the beginning of trails leading away through the plains. And on the posts were legends, such as this, "Road to Ferinish Farm."

Thus do the exiles in the high tableland of East Africa gild their exile by transplanting the old familiar names of the beloved homeland. And these posts were so many that one felt

that the day is near at hand when homestead will jostle homestead, and all this great plain be filled with whites. By the borders of swamps, across rich plains, down into valleys, and up gentle slopes, we hastened along that dusty road, until half the journey was done. The one tyre burst, of which I have written already, was our only mishap so far. But then we came to a little river across the road without a bridge. In the ford the car stuck. We pulled and pushed, but all in vain. Then a band of Kikuyu came along, and they lent their shoulders. And with a weary groan the car came forth out of the mud, and we hurried on.

The plain was now past, and we came to Fort Hall, formerly the seat of a provincial government, but now deserted for a healthier site. Here we approached the hills. The land undulated like the waves of the sea. Imagine a great storm in the Bay of Biscay, with mountainous billows heaving in from the ocean, and imagine in an instant these billows, magnified ten times, solidified into permanence. Such was the country we passed through—wave cresting above wave, all flushed with green, with banana groves in the troughs. The night fell, and we were yet twenty miles from Tumu-Tumu, our destination. We were congratulating ourselves that in an hour we would be

done with the jolting car, when suddenly going up a hill there came a low growl, and we were fast. The car was down to the axles in a bog. The pushing began again, but after an hour we found it was hopeless.

Seven miles away was Mihuti, an Indian settlement, where Dr. Philp was to meet us with mules. So at nine o'clock, under the guidance of a Kikuyu bearing a lantern before us, we set out on foot. He knew a short cut, he said, and he led us up wave after wave, until it seemed as if we would never cease climbing over the crests of billows, and going down into the hollows again. And time and again a voice would rise in the night, and our guide would reply. One word of that reply was always the same. It was "Barlow." I asked what it meant, and my companion explained that the Kikuyu always give the name of its first white man to any new settlement. And as the first missionary at Tumu-Tumu was Mr. Barlow, the Kikuyu knew the mission only by the name "Barlow." We knew ourselves to be weary, hungry, thirsty wayfarers to the mission of Tumu-Tumu at the foot of Mount Kenia; but the Kikuyu guide knew us only as strange wanderers by night to a place called "Barlow." "White men going

to Barlow," he replied to the inquirers of the night.

At last at eleven o'clock we came to the Indian settlement. We roused the sleeping inmates, and asked for Dr. Philp and his mules. But neither had been seen or heard of at Mihuti. What were we to do? Eight miles still lay between us and Tumu-Tumu. The bridge across the river had been swept away, and only three tree-trunks spanned a ravine through which the river rushed. The Indians declared we could not cross in the night. We could have a shake-down in the shop. Our guide declared he would go no further. But we decided to push on.

My companion was a master of nervous and forcible Kikuyu phrases. The name of Dr. Philp was one to conjure with. He had here rescued persons from the jaws of death—friends of his could not be tampered with. At last two guides were forthcoming, and we set out again climbing and descending the congealed billows which constitute the territory of Kenia. We descended lower and lower. At the top of the waves we saw the heaven aglow with a thousand constellations, shining with the brilliance of the African night; in the troughs, under the broad banana leaves

we were in rayless night, save for the lantern going before. And all around were the mysterious sounds of the night—the ripple of the wind stirring the leaves, a flood of fairy notes from the myriad cicadae, now swelling, now falling.

But what is that harsh and weird sound—half cry, half laughter? It is the hyenas after their prey—perhaps some dead or dying man in the bush marked for their supper. And all around it is as if glittering gems were being thrown in handfuls from some fairy hand. From bush to bush they seem to be thrown incessantly, flashing as tiny meteors. These are the fire-flies, that light up the paths in the African night, and make the bush seem as if angels were flitting hither and thither. But above all other sounds rises now a dull roar. It is that of water falling over rocks, moaning through a gorge. At the sound our weary feet move faster. We have reached the Tana river—and the three tree-trunks across the gorge. Should the feet stumble, there will be no return along the Fort Hall road from Kenia. And through the deep gorge the river hurls itself, while the deep gloom of the valley intensifies the enfolding mystery. But holding the lantern aloft the two Kikuyu walk over the tree-trunks, and we follow. Of course, there should be a bridge; but as this road is to a mission station, the

authorities will build no bridge. Let the mission cart its goods fifteen miles round, or let philanthropy build the bridge! And yet that mission at Tumu-Tumu saved the situation when the epidemic of smallpox swept over Kenia, and the hospital boys inoculated the Kikuyu by thousands. It is not the Kikuyu only who are sometimes lacking in gratitude.

Our guide stood waving the lantern, and declared that he and his friend would go no further. They had come to the boundary of their country. We offered cents in fabulous numbers—but no, they had come to the boundary of their country, and back they would go. And they left us. So we went on through the night ascending and descending. Thirst consumed us, but we dare not drink of the brook by the way. At last, with tottering steps, we arrived at the mission. The narrow path broadened out into a broad road. We saw in the starlight the dim outline of square houses. We knocked at last at a door, and leaned against the wall. “Who is there?” asked a sleepy voice from within. We replied; but the voice within seemed fallen on sleep, for there was silence. Again my companion knocked, this time wakening the echoes. “Who is there?” came again the sleepy voice from within. “The deputy from home,” called out

my companion, and instantly there was the sound of rapid movement. The door was flung open, and Dr. Philp with a lighted candle in his hand peered out into the night. It was two o'clock in the morning, and he had only returned two hours ago from helping a white woman in her hour of need miles away in a lonely settlement. He took us in, and gave us "mission whisky and soda," which being interpreted, means lime-juice. And never was there a diviner drink.

"Why did you not meet us with the mules?" asked my companion.

"I never heard you were coming," he answered.

"A telegram was sent you four days ago," we assured him, aggrieved.

"It has not yet been delivered," said he, shrugging his shoulders.

After breakfast the telegram was delivered—three days late. And that was how we came to Tumu-Tumu, the remotest outpost of Christianity and civilisation in the wilds of Kenia.



This, the youngest mission of the Church of Scotland, is only some five years old. It was founded by that statesman-missionary, Dr. Henry Scott. To be away from the white

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settlers, and to begin with the natives in their primitive state, he came hither, a hundred miles from the railway. But the settlers followed. There are already twenty farms occupied by white men at Nyeri, and forty more have recently been bought. Soon there will be 135 farms in the occupation of white men in the district. The white man is the greatest problem of missions. The isolation of their lives, the low moral condition of the natives surrounding them, the dull monotony, the constant temptation which the ignorance and simplicity of the native present to cupidity, the difficulty of getting labour, and the ease with which the climate converts good-nature into harshness towards the inefficient and slothful—these and many other circumstances conspire to make the process of degeneration easy for the white settler. Only the strong resist. That there are many who overcome their environment is the proof of the virility of the race. But, if the problems presented by British East Africa are not to become greater and more difficult, an effort must be made to keep the white settlers in touch with the higher things of life. If the elevating power wherewith Christianity seeks to raise the natives to a life removed from the brutish is not to be thwarted and negated by the lives and examples of many

of the white settlers, then the Churches at home must make an effort greater than they do to follow with the influences and sanctions of religion their sons who go forth into the lonely places.

Here is a work in which the Church of Scotland and United Free Church might co-operate. At present the United Free Church is unrepresented in British East Africa. The Church of Scotland has a strong Church at Nairobi, which is doing a noble work. The missionaries also hold services for their countrymen at several centres. But if the Churches would unite to support a perambulating missionary to the white men, who would go from district to district, that man would have a noble sphere of work. He would be saving those of his own race from the forces of degeneration wherewith heathenism surrounds the settler. He would be converting an element which is in a measure at present a stumbling-block and a hindrance into the most powerful ally for the final triumph of Christianity in British East Africa.



The happy heathen—why should we disturb him in his peace? Come with me to the little hospital there at Tumu-Tumu, and you will no longer speak of the “happy heathen.” Here lying in every posture are the diseased

Kikuyu. Here is the smell of rotting limbs, diseased bodies. All round about the loveliness of nature, green and pure and clean—and in the midst of it this! Eyes disappearing, noses eaten away, bodies covered with gangrenous wounds! What does it mean? The doctor declares that from 60 to 70 per cent of the Kikuyu are thus diseased. Away down at the coast the doctors declare that the Swahilis, man, woman, and child, are all diseased. It is these Swahilis who provided the porters for the safaris of hunters and traders; and when a great safari, such as that of ex-President Roosevelt, passes through the country, the black trail of disease is left behind in its wake.

Thus disease spreads like heather on fire among races whose racial customs provide fuel for the flame. A race such as the Masai, whose habits are unspeakable, are doomed to extinction. Nothing can save them, unless Christianity lays hold on them. But in these Kikuyu there is an element of wholesomeness left. It is small, but there is hope of growth. There at Tumu-Tumu twelve young men have stood fast. They have refused to be initiated into their tribe, and thus turned their backs on the tribal dances and orgies whence disease springs. They are the nucleus of the Church that is springing up at Kenia. The little band is

rapidly growing. Scholars are crowding to the school. A beginning has been made towards training up girls in a boarding-house. Christian wives must be provided for Christian men. The leaven has begun to work in Kenia. It is the outpost of Christianity in a world of darkness and suffering. But all the hope of the future for Kenia lies with that outpost. On a little hill beside the mission compound the little band is to build the "The Henry Scott Memorial Church." Though now they number but twelve native Christians, they are building a church that will seat five hundred. Such is the faith that moves mountains.



Above the mission compound is a little hill, on the top of which is a sacred tree. At the base of this tree the Kikuyu assemble to offer sacrifice. My attention was drawn to it by a six-foot-broad barrier of grass across the mission road. I asked what that strange break in the road meant, and was told that when the road was made the chief only sanctioned it on condition that such a way was provided across it that he and his people might, walking all the way on grass, ascend as of old to the sacred tree on the hill. So in the evening I went up the hill to the holy place. In a cleft of the roots of a far-spreading fig

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tree, hid by a boulder, lies an earthenware brown jar filled with fat. It is the offering left to God from the last sacrifice. Two hundred feet below stand the school, the hospital, and all the buildings which constitute a mission of the Church of Scotland. The fine fruit of Presbyterianism lies there below, and here is the brown jar filled with fat in the cleft of the tree, an offering to God. And all around the grass is trampled, so that we know the sacrifice was of yesterday. At the base of the hillock the twentieth century of Christianity; at its top the Druidical age. The Unseen has been worshipped through many forms under many names throughout the ages, and the Kikuyu walking on the grass do not kill the sacrifice or fill the brown jar with fat, and leave it there an offering to Ngai, all in vain. I for one believe that Ngai marks the stretching out of the hands. The top of that hill is holy ground.



It was when we turned away from that sacred tree that we saw the vision which, above all else we saw in Africa, stirred the heart. We had not so far seen Mount Kenia, for it was robed in a mantle of grey mist. Banks of clouds lay over its massive shoulders. Then, suddenly, as the sun was setting behind the

Aberdare range of hills blue in the distance, high up in the northern heavens the mist became diaphanous, it broke, it swirled away, and there burst forth with dazzling brilliance a scintillating mass of white, with sparkling facets. It hung there, cut off by the clouds below from all visible connection with the common earth. It looked like a great cathedral, a temple not made with hands, suspended there in high heaven, with tower and pinnacle and dome gleaming all in white. In the valleys, which lay between, the shadows were deepening; out of the darkness in the deep hollows the smoke ascended from innumerable villages; but up there the slanting sunrays played on the facets of that great peak until it seemed to the dazzled eyes as a colossal diamond glowing through "a softness like the atmosphere of dreams." A spirit not of earth seemed to brood over the mountain-top, lingering there in adoration, while the earth below was being wrapped up in sleep.

And while we gazed in speechless awe, there came a soft wind from the setting sun, and slowly Mount Kenia unrobed herself from sparkling crest to darkening base. At an angle of about twelve degrees it rises slowly from its base to a height of 15,000 feet, and then, as if determined to make a giant effort to kiss high

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heaven, it suddenly springs up straight into a sugar-loaf-shaped peak. This last is 3400 feet high, raising the crest of Kenia to a height of 18,400 feet. Eternal summer slumbers in the forests at its base, scattering at its feet the glories of tropical verdure, while the eternal snow is wrapped as a winding-sheet round its head. "Kenia is to me as the sacred stone of Mecca to the faithful who have wandered from distant lands surmounting perils and hardships," wrote Joseph Thomson. ". . . I beheld a vision as from the Unseen to lure me on." And the sacred tree at the base of which the Kikuyu offer sacrifice looks across the valleys to Kenia.

For the Kikuyu's faith is this—God dwells in Kenia; in that white splendour is His dwelling-place, the clouds are under His feet. It is difficult to learn what the Kikuyu really believes. If you question him, he will think you have some fell purpose, and he will answer you to deceive. But sometimes unconsciously his beliefs peep out of the shadows of the mind. To an old man sitting in the shadow of his hut Miss Stevenson was talking about the Christian hope of immortality. She told him of the Christian heaven—how death was not the rendering of the spirit a wanderer into dreary illimitable wastes, but a going home.

The old man listened patiently to the joys of Christian immortality. A sudden thought struck him. "Is it warm there?" he asked. Oh! yes, it was warm; it wasn't the shivering life of disembodied, unrobed ghosts. "You are wrong," answered the old man, "for it is cold, cold, where Ngai (God) dwells." And he glanced in the direction of Kenia, shivered, moved out of the shadow, and sat down in the sun. While still he had a chance, he was going to keep warm. To the Kikuyu, the crests of Kenia are the most awesome and most glorious of all that he knows—and there Ngai dwells. And, after all, the Kikuyu is not far from the truth.



On the morrow I left Kenia. The motor was extricated from the swamp, and it awaited me six miles away. Dr. Philp accompanied me these six miles. At the tree-trunks across the ravine we met a witch-doctor, who was also on a journey. He was clothed in a tanned sheep-skin, and slung in bags all around him were his medicine gourds filled with dry powders efficacious for every disease. In his leather bag are brushes and pebbles and seeds and charms. He has a charm against witches, a medicine for protection from lions, a powder which makes proof against bullets. At Dr.

Philp's request he gave a demonstration of his cures. It was the process of driving evil spirits out of a man. The patient sat down on his haunches. Water was poured out, an offering to Ngai. The witch-doctor began his operation laughing. The patient was smiling; but as the process proceeded the eyes of the patient became veiled, the witch-doctor became solemn—and I realised that this man believed in himself, and that the man squatting on the ground believed in him too. And Dr. Philp, the latest "product" of Edinburgh, looked on; and the motor-car was waiting up there on the top of the steep, steep braes. Charms against leopards! medicines against lions!—and a motor panting on the hill-top there! A world of strange contrasts this.

And that return journey to Nairobi was worse than the journey out. The engine stopped—and then went on. Punctures delayed us. I was due at Nairobi at 7.30 p.m. At 10 p.m. we stuck in a swamp. The chauffeur went back to "Scotstoun"—the settlement of an exile from the Clyde—for help. The lamps went out, and I watched in the dark by the car, listening to the hum of a million mosquitoes in the swamp and the growling of hyenas far away. The Kikuyu pulled us out of the swamp. Covered with mud, I arrived at Nairobi at 1.30

a.m. Through Africa I have travelled by machila, by rickshaw, by side-car, by bicycle, by train, by stern-wheelers, by steamers, and I can say with truth that the worst form of travelling in all Africa is by motor-car on the Nairobi and Nyeri main road in British East Africa.

CHAPTER XIV

ON THE WAY TO UGANDA

IT is fifty-five years since Speke, having made his way from Zanzibar, looked down from the southern heights on the wide waters of Victoria Nyanza. To be the first to gaze on a lake such as this must fill the heart with a wondrous thrill, and yet Victoria Nyanza was known of old—to Phœnicians and Romans and Arabs—and the discoveries of yesterday were only rediscoveries. But whatever thrill this inland sea gave to those whose eyes were first gladdened by it, truth to tell, the traveller of to-day, stepping from the Uganda Railway carriage on to the deck of the s.s. *Clement Hill*, is not greatly impressed. There are hills, but dim in morning haze and far distant. Their height does not suggest grandeur or inspire awe. And near at hand arid, euphorbia-clad slopes rise gently from the muddy shore. The township is the usual collection of corrugated iron structures wherewith the white man disfigures Africa. But there is the clang of hammers



LAKE VICTORIA AND NYANZA FROM ENTEBBE



A VIEW OF MENG0, THE NATIVE CAPITAL OF UGANDA

wielded by riveters, ships are being built, boilers being fitted, a fleet being constructed that commerce may be perfected on Victoria Nyanza.

And on the heights above the swamps the bungalows of the western exiles glisten in the heat. Through the morning haze we steam westward through the almost land-locked shallow bay dotted with islands, guarded by extinct volcanoes, until at last we round a headland, and the great lake spreads out its wide stretches before us. We are sailing on the source of the mighty Nile, which, yonder at the Ripon Falls, springs hence a "giant at its birth," and imagination flies northward to the Sphinx and the Pyramids that watch these waters flow, guarding their secrets. Far to the north mighty races have fought for the land that these waters enrich—Alexander of Macedon and the Ptolemies, Romans, Mamelukes, Turks, French, and at last the English—but heedless of them all the source of all the riches basked in the tropical heat. The true history of Victoria Nyanza lies far in the north, thousands of miles away.



Over this lake the wings of the angel of death could in these last years be heard beating. We skirt island after island, green, fertile, but now the haunt of unbroken silence.

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On this beauteous island of Buyuma a few years ago there lived a population of some 50,000 people. Now it is deserted. For all these islands and the shores of the great lake have been devastated by sleeping-sickness. The blood-sucking tsetse fly has destroyed more of the African people than ever did spears and arrows. Long ago Livingstone observed how horses and oxen succumbed after being bitten by the tsetse, but wild game he noticed were unaffected by it. The reason of that is now manifested. The evil does not spring from the tsetse itself. It springs from a blood parasite, spindle-shaped, which is harboured by the wild game, which are themselves immune to it. But the tsetse sucks the blood of the antelope and buffalo, and so imbibes the poison. When the tsetse thereafter bites a domesticated animal or a man, the blood parasite is transferred to them, seizes upon them, and multiplies abnormally.

Thus a fatal connection has been established between the buffalo and man; the march of human progress has been arrested, and whole races decimated because from the blood of animals which are immune to it a blood parasite is transferred by the tsetse to those animals which are not immune—and to man himself. It is this weird commerce between man and

beast that has turned these islands, which were once filled by a thriving population, into desert wastes. And this dread disease is spreading. It has now entered Nyasaland, penetrated to Northern Rhodesia and the territory of Mozambique. The first case in Nyasaland occurred in 1908, and since then a considerable number of cases have been found among natives and Europeans. At one time it was thought that the *Glossina palpalis* was the only species capable of infecting man with the dread microbe, but now it is established the *Glossina morsitans*, or the common tsetse, whose range is far greater, also carries the germ. Thus the fear of the plague is spreading over Africa.

But the disease is no new thing, though the shock of its recrudescence in these years affected men as though it were a new peril with which they were suddenly confronted. It was noticed on the West Coast nearly two centuries ago; it has doubtless been endemic under the Equator for generations. In Uganda, the removal of the people from the islands and the shores of the lake infested by the tsetse has checked the evil. The death-rate from sleeping-sickness has decreased from 8003 in 1905 to 1546 in 1910. The forces marshalled against it have routed and bid fair to exterminate it in Uganda. But in Rhodesia this method

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cannot be adopted, because there the infecting tsetse is ubiquitous. There is no zone free from its infection.

There has thus arisen a demand for the extermination of the game whence the microbe is borne by the tsetse. It is not a total extermination that is agitated for, but only an extermination in those areas affected by the sleeping-sickness. But though a human life be infinitely more valuable than an antelope's, yet there are reasons which urge a pause ere such a drastic policy be adopted. There is a balance of nature which cannot be rudely and ruthlessly thrown off its poise. It would be a colourless world this, in which all the graceful and free life wherewith Nature fills the plains had been destroyed for ever. And there is the danger lest the tsetse fly, deprived of its natural prey by the destruction of the game, might fasten upon human beings as the next purveyor of its food supply. The last condition when the tsetse would carry the microbe of death from man to man would be worse than the first.

It is a grim problem this which the white man is face to face with in Equatorial Africa, but there is no reason to doubt that he will finally solve it as he has solved so many others. The race that would conquer Africa, unlock the treasures of its soil, and open the sealed doors

of its mines, make its waterways the avenues of commerce and its lakes the highways of fleets, bring to races sunk in the abysses of ignorance and cruelty the elevating power of knowledge and civilisation, has a great price to pay both for its conquest and its labour of love. It is not the weapons of human enemies that make the conquerors pause and think of retreat. It is the terror that walketh in darkness, the hum of the mosquitoes and the tsetse in the ear, the brooding of the wings of the angel of death over the land. When the white man has finally vanquished the death-dealing flies he will have drawn the sting from death in Africa. Again will be seen the miracle of races risen from the dead, of nations born in a day. It is for this end, doubtless, that he has come hither, braving death.



There are no lighthouses on Lake Nyanza, and consequently the steamer anchors at night in the shelter of an island. It is then in the soft evening light that the veil is withdrawn from its face, and its loveliness revealed. All round the horizon the mist is transmuted into vaporous gold. The islands float in the yellow sheen. Far away there are fields of deepest blue. Colour shades into colour, radiance into radiance. The breeze is soft and cool. We are

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under the Equator, but here, 3700 feet above the sea, it is as a summer evening in July at home in Scotland. We sleep surrounded by the comfort of a miniature ocean steamer. Ere we wake the anchor is weighed and the voyage is resumed. In the cool of the morning we land at Entebbe after a twenty-eight hours' sail across the lake. Here we are at Uganda at last.

But Entebbe is not Uganda ; it is a suburb of London. For here is the centre of the British Government, the seat of the Governor and of the various organisations which control the Uganda Protectorate. Here are bungalows on the slopes in the midst of gardens of tropical loveliness, with their walls glowing with the purple glory of the bougainvillæa ; bicycles crowd the broad streets, with here and there a motor-bicycle shooting in and out. On the top of the hill is the Governor's house, commanding wondrous views of the lake and its islands. It is all modern and British. Entebbe would cause no wonder anywhere in England ; but here under the Equator, on the shore of Lake Nyanza, it is a marvel.

It was only in 1894 that Uganda became a British Protectorate ; yet in these nineteen years Entebbe has become a dignified town. But if you want to feel yourself in Uganda

you must leave Entebbe behind and hasten over the twenty-eight miles that separate it from Kampala, the native capital. A motor-bus will take you to Kampala, but the hills are steep, and its arrival is uncertain. So we wait and watch the *Clement Hill* loading its cargo. Bales of cotton are piled in the hold, until at last it can receive no more. We sleep once more. And when the morning comes we are nearing Lurizo, the port of Kampala.



Along a road shaded by trees we proceed in a rickshaw to Kampala, the native capital of Uganda, seven miles away. The road is dotted with people carrying loads. These people are different from any race we have yet seen in Africa. Their faces are not disfigured by grease or mutilated for ornament. They are dressed in white, and their eyes are lit with intelligence. They are the Japanese of Africa—skilful of hand and bright of eye. As we hurry on, the rickshaw boys are singing. The one who holds the shafts gives forth a recitative. The two behind take up the song. And what is it they sing? It runs like this: "The iron without the wood would be of but little use; the white man without the black man to pull him along would be of little use; the white man without the black man would never get

anywhere." The chorus is sung lustily ; the white road slides past, and at last we come to the circuit of hills. Gardens are everywhere, the banana trees shade the native huts, there are stores here and there, there is a bazaar ; but nowhere anything like a town.

Yet here on its seven hills is Kampala, the capital of Uganda. The rickshaw stops, and we are introduced to a tall, dignified man, whose black face is intensely black, because of the whiteness of his robe. He is a native minister, who chose the sacred office, foregoing a chiefship. As a pastor he gets £4 a year ; as chief he would get hundreds. But his brother is chief, and he is a pastor ! We are introduced—a visitor from far-away Britain. The dignified face evinces interest—that is all. "A countryman of Mackay's," explains the Archdeacon, and at the words the face of the tall Buganda breaks into a smile of welcome. He again shakes me by the hand. "A countryman of Mackay's," he says ; "for his sake I bid you heartily welcome to Uganda ; it is good that you have come to see us." And thus, as a countryman of Mackay's I am warmly received and made to feel at home. This man owed his soul to Mackay, and Uganda is to-day a centre of Christianity and civilisation because of that great Scotsman. Thus I came to Kampala,

and climbed the hill of Nemirembe, and came to the very heart of the most romantic mission in all the world. A generation ago it would have taken three to four months to make the journey from Mombasa to Uganda; waterless deserts had to be traversed, a track had to be made through the well-nigh impassable bush, hostile tribes had to be propitiated, and all along the way lay the bones of those who perished in these perilous journeyings. Now forty-seven hours suffice for the journey, and all along the way the traveller is surrounded by comforts which he would not have found twenty years ago in the journey between Wick and London. This is the marvel of Equatorial Africa.

CHAPTER XV

A MIRACLE OF MODERN MISSIONS

THE atmosphere of romance lies over the work of Christian missions in Uganda. Yesterday the haunt of barbarism and unspeakable cruelty; to-day a Christian state with the foundations of civilisation securely laid—such is Uganda. A few years ago a man's life was of no more value than a goat's, and that great tyrant, Mtesa, sent out his army of ten thousand men to devastate neighbouring tribes and to gather herds of cattle and slaves as his spoils; to-day peace reigneth everywhere, and human life is as secure in Uganda as in London. Yesterday it was the iron age in Uganda; to-day is the era of the telegraph and the motor-car, and you can wander for days in Uganda and you never see any sign that you are anywhere but in a Christian country.

Everywhere you come across the church and the school—those symbols of progress and

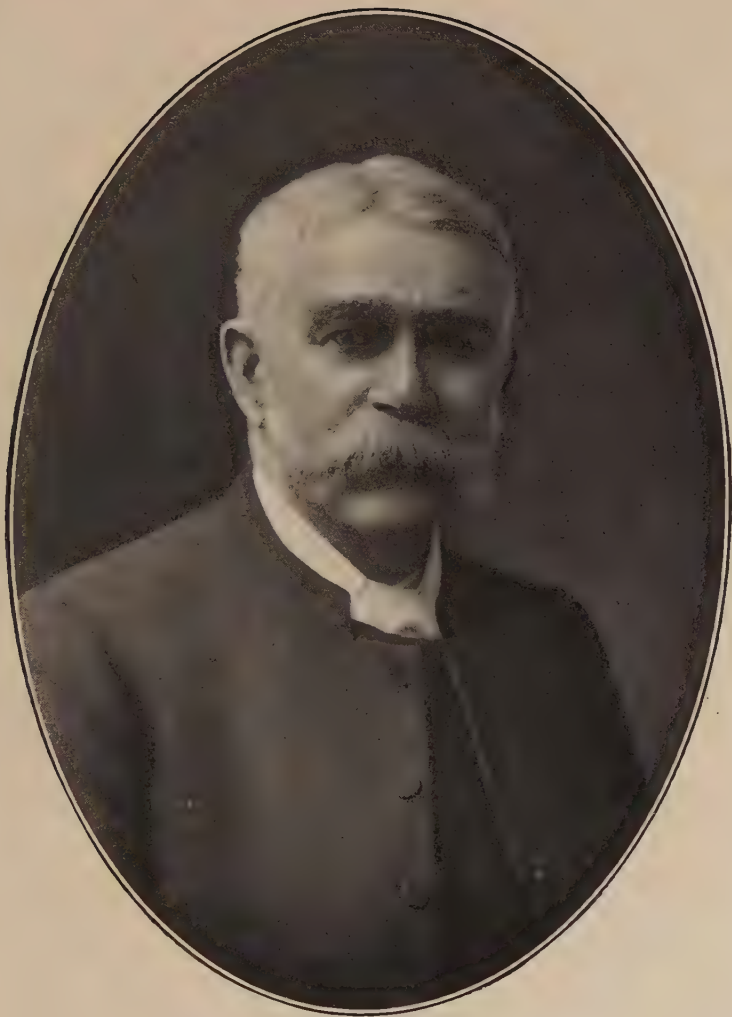


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security. At Kampala the hill-tops are crowned by cathedrals and schools, and throughout the land the humble village church is everywhere. This does not mean, however, that Uganda is wholly Christian. To expect that as the result of the work of one generation is to expect too much. There are those who are continually depressed because everything is not accomplished at once. Uganda certainly looks as if everything were accomplished already. That is because heathenism has neither temple nor school. There is no building which visualises it. It is invisible, intangible. To-day half the population of Uganda are Christian, and all the power and all the future lie in Christian hands.

All the morning I walked through schools in which keen-faced boys were assimilating the fruits of Western knowledge, and I visited the great hospital to which from a radius of hundreds of miles white and black come for help and healing; and were it not for the colour of the skin I might be in Scotland. But in the afternoon I came to a spot where some thirty years ago three hundred brothers and cousins of the King were penned within the narrow compass of a dyke, three or four miles from the capital, and left there by their brother's orders to starve to death.

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Think of the schools and hospital at Kampala to-day, and think of that six days' misery of unspeakable horror at the end of which three hundred of the royal blood of Uganda lay dead, imprisoned by the dyke—and you see in a flash the contrasts in which Uganda abounds. In those days so recent, and yet already centuries remote because the people have in their advance left them so far behind, one tyrant cast the shadow of his cruelty and lust over all the land. If some unlucky courtier happened by accident to tread on the King's carpet, death was the instant penalty. You ask a man how he lost his ear and he will probably answer—"Oh! a goat I was herding got lost and so my master cut off my ear." Eyes were gouged out, hands chopped off at the wrist, feet cut off—and that for trifling offences or wholly imaginary ones. To-day it is as impossible for the malice of man to bear such fruits in Uganda as it is in Britain.



How came it that Uganda has thus been revolutionised from barbarism to civilisation so swiftly? To understand it all we must go back to April 5th, 1875. It was on that day that Stanley had his first interview with King Mtesa. Mtesa had become a Mohammedan; but Stanley set himself to instruct the King in the truths of Christianity. When he discovered Livingstone,

Stanley was profoundly impressed by the great missionary's goodness and simple faith, and it was because of the attraction which he then felt towards Christianity that he now became a Christian evangelist. Nothing in the life of Stanley reflects greater honour upon him than the way in which, at Mtesa's court, the newspaper correspondent was transformed into a Christian missionary. "Since the 5th of April," wrote Stanley, "I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence, but I contrived to turn it towards effecting that which had become an object with me—viz. his conversion."

Mtesa was taught by Stanley the difference between Jesus Christ whom the white men sought to serve and Mohammed whom the Arabs followed.

And Stanley wrote an appeal which he meant as a challenge to Christendom, and he addressed it to the *Daily Telegraph*.

"I have indeed undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath, as well as the Muslim Sabbath," wrote Stanley. . . . "Oh, that some pious, practical missionary would come here! What a

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field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilisation. . . . Such an one if he can be found would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no Church or sect, but profess God and His Son, and moral law ; and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. . . . Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it ! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them ; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. . . .”

Stanley entrusted the letter to a young Belgian who was returning to Europe—Linant de Bellefonds by name. On his way, Bellefonds was attacked by the Bari tribe, slain, and his body thrown out. A punitive expedition discovered the skeleton of Bellefonds, naked save for the high knee-boots he was wearing when killed. And in the boots was found Stanley’s letter. The last act of the heroic Belgian must have been the thrusting of the letter into the boots. Savages had no use for boots ! The letter was sent to General Gordon at Khartoum, and by him forwarded to the *Daily Telegraph*. And when the letter appeared on November 15th, 1875, challenging the Churches to send to

Uganda missionaries to instruct Mtesa and his people, there was an instant response. Within a week the Church Missionary Society resolved to enter on the work. The first volunteer was Shergold Smith, a former lieutenant in the navy; and the second was a young Scottish engineer, Alexander Mackay. There were eight in all who set forth on that high adventure within five months of Stanley's appeal being published.

"I want to remind the Committee," said Mackay to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society at their parting, "that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead. Yes; is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa and all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. When that news comes do not be cast down, but send someone else immediately to take the vacant place."

Within two years four were dead—two from disease and two massacred—and two were invalided home. And of them all, only that man of indomitable spirit and heroism, Alexander Mackay, was spared to kindle the light amid the darkness of Uganda. But if the perils of fever and foes were great, the power of faith was greater still. And there was never a gap

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made by death but straightway it was filled. If the ideal of Christianity were easy of achievement, and the labour to which it calls made no demand for sacrifice, then the religion of Jesus Christ would make no appeal to the strong. But the eternal call of Christianity is to the enduring hardness. The laying down of one's life—hence it came that all these men who stepped into the breaches in Uganda were of the heroic.

Though Mtesa received the missionaries in a friendly manner, and gave them sites for houses, yet the work was sadly marred and hindered by his vacillations. Clouds soon darkened the horizon. The mind of Mtesa was confused by the arrival of French priests, two years later, who pressed upon him another form of Christianity. When urged to support the missionaries, "the King laughed," wrote Mackay, "and said that now he found so many religions in the country, each asserting itself as the true one, that he did not know what to do." The laughter of Mtesa rings still in our ears. He was no fool, this heathen King. He proposed that the Frenchmen and Englishmen should first agree on religious matters, and then he would listen to them both. "The Frenchmen," he said, "have one religion and you have another; they cannot both be true.

First have one religion in Europe, and then come and I shall let you teach my people." It was not the clergy but a layman who enabled the infant mission to withstand these evil days. When the cause was on the point of failure Mackay came to Uganda from his post in the south. He was an engineer, and wonder at the things he could do laid hold on Mtesa and his chiefs. He built boats, wagons on wheels, and at last a coffin such as was never seen in Uganda. He toiled at his bench; he toiled at his desk; he translated the Scriptures; he taught and he preached. When the native Church grew he had elders appointed to rule and guide after the manner of the Church of his homeland.



It was a troublous time that in which the foundations were cleared. Wearied of the contest of Anglican, Catholic, and Mohammedan for his soul, Mtesa resolved to return to heathenism. "We will have nothing more to do either with the Arabs' religion or the white man's religion, but we shall return to the religion of our fathers." And he did. But when he died in 1884, after eight years' work there were thirty-eight native Christians. When Mwanga succeeded to the throne the infant Church had to pass through the fire. It received its bap-

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tism of blood. Mwanga resolved on its extermination.

On January 30th, 1885, the first of the Uganda martyrs sealed their testimony with their blood. In the fading evening light I stood on the spot. It is on the edge of a dismal swamp. The breeze stirred the reeds and the tall grass that grow in the ooze. Frogs sang dismally. No habitation is in sight, and no sound of cheerful human activity. But there stands there a high Celtic cross. The noisome marsh has become consecrated ground. To this spot twenty-eight years ago were brought five lads, the only accusation against them being that they were purposing to desert their country. They were really only to cross the lake with Mackay, who had received permission for the journey. On the road they were seized and brought hither. Their arms were cut off, their bodies were wrapped in dry banana leaves, and alive they were tied to a rough scaffolding. A fire was kindled beneath. While they were being slowly burnt to death their murderers mocked them and bade them pray now if Jsa Masiya would save them. While the smoke curled round them and the fire slowly burnt them they sang amid the flames. Death was hastened by the bloody knife cutting the quivering limbs. To stand there is to realise the eternal power of Christianity. In the

gathering shadows on the fringe of that dismal swamp the hands are stretched out, not across centuries to martyrs dim in the gathering mists of time, but only across a handful of years and we touch the hands of those who in our day endured to the death. When, in 1910, the Celtic cross was erected here, the members of the Synod of Uganda met here for its dedication, and they represented 70,000 Uganda Christians.

But worse things were to follow. The first Bishop of Uganda, James Hannington, was on his way to take up his duties. King Mwanga was in terror of European conquest, and an old prophecy declared that the conquerors would come by way of Busoga. And by this route the bishop was coming. Mackay tried to intercept him and get him to change his route, but his messengers failed to reach him. By Mwanga's orders he was made a prisoner, and after eight days of imprisonment in a filthy hut the name of James Hannington was added to the roll of Christian martyrs. When England heard of Hannington's murder, the name of Uganda was written on the Church's heart.

A time of terrible persecutions ensued. "After these things," writes Apolo Kagwa, now the Prime Minister and Regent of Uganda, "King Mwanga was beside himself, and he seized us, the readers of the religion of Jesus Christ,

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forty-six in number, and he commanded the executioner, saying, 'Take them and burn them to death.' And they took them and burned them to death in June, 1886. . . . And me, Apolo Kagwa, the King only beat with a cane many strokes, and three times he smote me on the head, and they kicked and stamped upon me, and after that he burnt my books and said to me, 'Do not read again.' " Simple words these—but the agonies of martyrdom, the loud crying and tears of an infant Church decimated and bereaved, underlie them. But once again it was proved that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. To the harried Christians, Mackay issued a letter :—

" People of Jesus who are in Uganda.

" Our Friends,

" We, your friends and teachers, write to you to send you words of cheer and comfort, which we have taken from the Epistle of Peter the Apostle of Christ. In days of old Christians were hated, were hunted, were driven out, and were persecuted for Jesus' sake and thus it is to-day.

" Our beloved brothers, do not deny our Lord Jesus, and He will not deny you in that great day when He shall come in glory. Remember the words of our Saviour, how He told His disciples not to fear men who are

able only to kill the body ; but He bade them to fear God, who is able to destroy the body, together with the soul, in the fire of Gehenna.

“ Do not cease to pray exceedingly, and to pray for our brethren who are in affliction, and for those who do not know God. May God give you His Spirit and His blessings. May He deliver you out of all your afflictions. May He give you entrance to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“ Farewell. We are the white men. We are your brethren indeed who have written to you.”

And the glory of the Uganda Christians is this—that weak in number but strong in faith they denied not the Lord Jesus, even though the fire were kindled for the burning. They kindled one more beacon on the mountain-tops to guide the feet of the generations of men towards the great things of life.



The curse of the murderer is that he is haunted by terror ; and King Mwanga was driven hither and thither by his fears. He became a Mohammedan, he became a Catholic, he became a Protestant—but in all his changes he had one purpose, to escape vengeance for the murdered bishop. He fled from his capital, and he returned again. He plotted to murder

all the Christians, but the diabolical plot came to nought. While still the clouds were dark, Mackay died on January 2nd, 1890. This man's courage, self-sacrifice, and intellectual power made him one of the great men of his age. A month after his death Bishop Tucker was consecrated in Lambeth Church to the see of Uganda. And the time of harvest was come. It is a wonderful story in a land full of wonderful stories how Bishop Tucker found the grave of Bishop Hannington, and removed the bones of the martyr to Kampala, and how King Mwanga, the murderer, came to the solemn service in the cathedral, where, amid a scene of great emotion, the remains of his victim were committed to consecrated soil. That he should be there and vengeance still tarrying must have sorely puzzled the tyrant oppressed by his fears.

But Mwanga, that strange and bloodthirsty tyrant, at last worked his own undoing. In 1897 he suddenly revolted against British rule, with the result that he was driven over the German border, and his little one-year-old son, Daudi, was proclaimed King in his stead, with Apolo Kagwa and two other chiefs appointed regents. That was only sixteen years ago; yet it is a new world in Uganda. And King Daudi, when he appeared in the House of

Commons the other day, with his suite, in all the gorgeous raiment of the East, brought something of the colour and romance of the East into that drab chamber. Of King Mwanga it need only be said further that he was banished to the Seychelles Islands, where he was baptised, and where he died. And from him there came one *bon mot* well worth recording: "I have been a heathen, I have been a Mohammedan, I have been a Roman Catholic; *now* I will be a Government official."



When Mackay died the Church in Uganda was in despair. But there came in his place a man who was even a greater power—George Pilkington. Mackay's translation work had to be carried on, and Pilkington, who was a man endowed with a genius for languages, undertook the work. He completed the New Testament in eighteen months after his arrival in Uganda, as well as parts of the Old Testament. In the year 1893 there came a time of quickening which began thus: Pilkington, feeling depressed regarding the work, was in the island of Koma on the lake, when he happened to read a booklet on the Holy Spirit by an Indian Christian known as Tamil David. "The book," wrote Pilkington, "showed me that I had not the power of the Holy Ghost. . . . I saw that

God commanded me to be filled with the Holy Ghost. Then I read : 'All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them,' and, claiming the promise, I received the Holy Ghost." Infused with a new life, Pilkington went back to the capital and inspired his fellow-missionaries with his own high enthusiasm. A series of mission services were held. For three days there were wonderful scenes in Uganda. Multitudes who were formerly led to the faith were now brought to its very heart of fire. "Life could never be the same again after these days," said a missionary who shared in that high experience. And the Church, endowed with power from on high, went forth to conquer. Hitherto the Christians were concentrated in the capital ; now they began to scatter abroad. Teachers, evangelists, missionaries were forthcoming, and the power of the Holy Spirit began to be felt in all the borders of Uganda. Four years later George Pilkington died, killed in the mutiny of the Soudanese. On December 11th, 1897, he was shot in the thigh, the artery burst, and life began to ebb away. "My master," said his native servant, "he that believeth in Christ, although he die, yet shall he live." "Yes, my child," replied the dying man, "it is as you say, shall never die."

Thus died George Pilkington ; but he died with his work completed—the whole Bible translated into the language of the country.



But it was the Apostolic zeal and organising genius of Bishop Tucker which evolved in Uganda a Christian state out of the oppressed nation whom Mwanga terrorised. When Bishop Tucker arrived in Uganda in 1890, the number of baptised Christians was scarcely two hundred. He was the first bishop who reached Uganda, and on him fell the burden of organising the Church. A man of ceaseless activity, he journeyed hither and thither, and everywhere he went he founded churches. Through him the gospel found entrance into the neighbouring kingdoms ; he built a cathedral and saw it in ashes ; and he gave the Church a constitution. It is in this constitution and the form of government given to the Church, that the genius of Bishop Tucker stands most clearly revealed. The basis of the organisation is the Parochial Council, consisting of the clergyman or teacher in charge, the reader or readers, the churchwardens and lay representatives ; the second court is the District Council, consisting of the licensed clergy of the district, readers and lay representatives of the congregations—the chairman of each District Council to be ap-

pointed by the bishop ; and the highest court is the Diocesan Synod, consisting of the bishop (who presides), of all the clergy and readers holding the bishop's licence, and of representatives from the congregations. It will be thus seen that the Church of Uganda is on the one hand truly democratic, with courts corresponding to the Kirk session, Presbytery and Synod of Presbyterianisms, while on the other hand it is possessed of that initiative, visible unity, and discipline which the Episcopate gives. This is part of the secret of the power of the Church of Uganda. Bishop Tucker has blended Episcopacy and Presbyterianisms into a perfect organisation. In so doing, he has laid down the lines on which the Christian Church should be organised in Africa. A Church which has the democratic power which Presbyterianisms can give, and which has also the initiative and unity which the historic Episcopate gives, is the ideal Church for the African.

It is, in my opinion, hopeless to think of organising the African Church of the future permanently on any basis except this—that of Uganda. The only authority the African knows is that of the chief. To command his obedience and reverence the Church must have the spiritual chief. There is little doubt but that the Ethiopian movement and the other troubles which have

harassed missions in Africa are in the main traceable to the fact that the black presbyter came to deem himself as good as the white presbyter, and there was no spiritual chief to teach him otherwise. In the great missions of the Scottish Churches in Nyasaland, each white missionary acts as a bishop over a wide territory, and to teachers, evangelists, and native ministers his word is law. Doubtless the presbyteries there may and do elect their moderators by rotation (a curious spectacle enough), but the fact remains that the chairman of the Mission Council, presbyter though he be, wields the power of an Archbishop. There is no theory so perfect but that, in relation to human affairs, it has to be modified. And our perfect theory of Church government will need to be modified in relation to the African. Bishop Tucker in Uganda has shown the line of modification.

“It is not the cathedral, nor the hospital, nor the village churches that appeal most to me, wonderful though they all may be; but it is your having carried on the work of the native Church throughout the country till it is represented in a Church Synod. That is the work of a lifetime.” Thus wrote Dr. Henry Scott to Bishop Tucker in 1910. And it was from this constitution of the Uganda Church that Dr.

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Henry Scott took the main lines of the organisation which he drew up for the future United Church in British East Africa—that Church in which at last Anglican and presbyter will meet in peace. Bishop Tucker has left in Uganda a great memorial behind him of a life nobly used. The Uganda Church of to-day is his monument.



That Uganda is to-day a part of the British Empire and the sources of the Nile secure under the Union Jack is wholly due to the work of the missionaries in Uganda. It was the British East Africa Company, under the guidance of Sir William Mackinnon, that first established trade relations with Uganda. In 1891 the Company found the financial strain too great, and they resolved to leave Uganda. On Christmas Day Sir Frederick Lugard received his orders from the Company to evacuate Uganda. The news was received with consternation by the missionaries. It was then that Bishop Tucker came to the rescue. The sum of £30,000 was raised to enable the Company to hold on in Uganda for another year. Of that sum Sir William Mackinnon gave £10,000, and his friends another £5000. And Bishop Tucker found £15,000. Thus the Company held on another year, and at the end of it Uganda was

declared a Protectorate, and its administration taken over by the British Government. There were troubles after that, but they were troubles whose end was certain. To-day a handful of native soldiers, officered by white men, maintain the Britannic peace in the wide regions of the Uganda Protectorate.

And what has been the result? I saw the Synod of the Uganda Church assembling for its annual meeting, and that Synod consisted of 300 members, clerical and lay, and it represented about 230,000 native Christians. The Christians in Uganda to-day, Protestant and Catholic, number about 500,000. One of the members of the Synod was Sir Apolo Kagwa, the Prime Minister; and in the hands of these men lie the leadership and the power in Uganda. They are keen on the completion of the work so gloriously begun—the evangelisation of the whole of the Protectorate. For Uganda itself is but a small part of the Protectorate, which includes not only the kingdom of Uganda, but also the kingdoms of Toro, Bunyoro, Ankole, with wide districts beyond. To the evangelisation of this great district the Church of Uganda feels itself called; and to that task it is directing its energies.

It is for this end that Uganda has been chosen. In the arena of conflict where the re-

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ligious destinies of the continent of Africa fall to be decided, Uganda occupies a strategic position of vast importance. Along the eastern shore of Africa and in the north Mohammedanism has been firmly rooted by the Arabs, and down from the north and from the east the propaganda of Islam is spreading. Across that belt in the east the missionaries hastened to Uganda at the call of Stanley. They knew not the ultimate purpose of the call. But we can see it now. It was this—to conquer these uplands for Christianity, and to establish there a bulwark right across the line of march of the Mohammedan propaganda. And that purpose the Uganda Mission has most nobly served. The power of Islam has been that its emissaries are Africans. The power of the Church of Uganda is this also, that it sends its missionaries forth, Africans to preach the Gospel to Africans. With a power which no white man's words can bear, the African can say to the African, "The Lord who saved us can save you too." In his case the power of the evangel cannot be ascribed to his white skin. And Uganda has bought the pearl of great price by sufferings and anguish. In proportion to the price we pay is the value we place on our possessions. To the Buganda Christianity is their dearest possession. And they feel that it is so great that they cannot

keep it to themselves. Uganda has thus become the stronghold of Christianity in the heart of Africa, an impregnable fortress against the march of Islam, a radiating centre of Christian power and influence. Some day Uganda may become the centre of African Christianity.

CHAPTER XVI

TWO ERAS IN UGANDA

THE traveller in Uganda to-day is continually seeing the centuries in vivid contrast. On one hill-top he sees a great cathedral with the ordered and stately worship of either the Roman or the Anglican Church, and he feels that he is standing in the twentieth century, and in a land of ancient Christianity; and on another hill-top a mile or two away he sees a huge, bell-shaped, thatched building, and when he enters he finds himself suddenly wafted back across nineteen centuries to the dim days before the Christian era. For this building is the last of the tombs of the Uganda kings. You stoop beneath the roof of thatch which comes circling down almost to the ground, and within you see a forest of wood—straight tree-trunks that support the roof. A central aisle leads up from the door, covered with the finest of grass, each separate straw laid horizontally. You are not allowed to walk up that aisle lest the grass be soiled.



INTERIOR



EXTERIOR

MTESA'S TOMB, UGANDA

Drawn by Bishop Tucker

You make your way among the pillars and come to Mtesa's tomb guarded by his spears stuck in front of it as a fence. They are symmetrically arranged, and their polished surface gleams in the subdued light. Within the fence of spears there is a structure like a low bedstead covered with cloth.

This is Mtesa's tomb. And as you gaze at it you become suddenly conscious that you are being gazed at in your turn. You turn, and within the dark shadows that fill the recesses you see specks of white, dazzling in brightness, and you realise that these are human eyes, and are startled. These are the women who keep vigil over the King's grave. They dwell in endless night. Their eyes have got bleached. They know no longer the joys of the sun. Their blood is not warmed by its rays. They sit on their haunches round the tomb in the gloom of the pillars, and crawl stealthily among them. They are the last of the priestesses of heathenism. They bewail the days that are vanishing. They worship the ghost of the dead King, for the Buganda regarded the spirits of their kings as gods. That is why on the hill-tops are to be found to this day the graves of thirty-six kings of Uganda, each with its shrine more or less dilapidated, and each with its vigil still maintained by sibyls of the night.

But this tomb of Mtesa, gloomy though it be, belongs to the day rather than to the night. For though Mtesa himself never became a Christian, yet he directed that the liturgy for the burial of kings should be modified in his case. Hitherto, the underjaw of all the kings had been removed and carefully preserved, and hitherto three men and three women were slaughtered in front of the King's new-made tomb and given to the vultures. But Mtesa directed that he should be buried with his underjaw intact, and that there should be no sacrifices at his grave. And beside his grave is that of his son Mwanga, the murderer of Bishop Hannington, the vicious, fickle and cruel tyrant who kindled the fires of martyrdom in Uganda. He was banished to the Seychelles, and there he was baptised, and so a cross marks his grave. Thus the two eras meet in the gloom of that tomb.

Beside the grave, removed by a stone's-throw, is a collection of huts, and in one of these lives a queen. The King of Uganda had two queens, his mother and a sister chosen for the dignity. And this queen was the sister of Mtesa, the aunt of Mwanga, and the great-aunt of King Daudi, who is now travelling in England. So we turned aside to pay our respects to the aged lady who, for all these years, has

kept watch over her brother's tomb. We passed through enclosure after enclosure of woven reeds. Each courtyard had its dwelling, and was beautifully clean. At last we came to the courtyard in which stood the house of the ex-queen. A servant clothed in a white Arab robe bade us enter. He laid a mat for us inside the door, and we squatted on it. In the inner space was a group of women—the ladies in waiting, no doubt—and with our entering they ceased chattering. But no aged woman was to be seen, such as we came to see. On the right of the doorway was a curtain of bark cloth. Quickly the servant lifted the curtain, and there, lying on her side on a rug, was the sister of Mtesa. She bade us welcome, and as she spoke she covered her mouth with her lifted fingers. I wondered why, until I saw that there was a gap in her upper teeth, and this she doubtless wished to hide. She asked who we were. My companion explained that his name was Hannington. "A son of Bishop Hannington?" she asked eagerly, with a new gleam of interest in her eyes. Yes, he was a son of Bishop Hannington. Then her face lit up. She lifted herself on her elbow and shook hands with him again. She told for my benefit how she, too, was a Christian, and how for her faith she had, in other days,

to endure imprisonment and stripes. And there I saw face to face the two great powers that fought for the soul of Uganda. That old woman with the gap in the teeth and the tenderness in the eyes was the aunt of Mwanga, the murderer of my companion's father. She was born and reared in that heathenism to which the murder of a few bishops meant little more than the killing of a few goats. And there was the new age, that in which human life could no more be purchased nor thrown as rubbish into the fire. The son of that martyred bishop came to labour as a missionary in the scenes of his father's martyrdom, and there was given him the great joy of baptising the son of that chief who slew his father. For though Bishop Hannington was killed by Mwanga's orders, the man who carried out the orders was Chief Luba. And Chief Luba's son was received into the Christian Church by Bishop Hannington's son. And on him the aunt of Mwanga now looked tenderly, cooing softly to herself, filled with wonder.



From Mtesa's tomb we made our way to the Lukiko, as the native parliament is called. We raced down hills on our cycles and crawled up hills, and everywhere the banana groves shaded the roads, and everywhere well-clad,

bright-eyed people crowded the highway. When we entered the iron-roofed hall in which the parliament was sitting, all the members rose up to receive us, for such is the politeness of the Buganda and the respect which they show the ruling race. We were given chairs near the Katikiro who presided, and we watched the scene with wondering eyes. The Lukiko consists of eighty-nine members, including the three regents. Each member's seat is indicated by a card affixed to it. At the end of the hall, on an elevated dais, is the King's throne—empty to-day, for the King is in England. Each Buganda who approaches the bar with a case, prostrates himself flat on the floor, first laying one ear down and then the other. When his case is decided he does the same, prostrating himself towards the throne and swaying his clasped hands up and down to express his gratitude. The Lukiko could give the House of Commons lessons in politeness! The power wielded by this parliament is great. It deals with all native affairs, makes laws and acts as a court of appeal, after the manner of the House of Lords.

As a sample of the laws made by this parliament, the following clause from the marriage law, passed and revised, must suffice : “ Fifthly, Now as everyone has learned the religion of

Jesus Christ, they have changed their old customs, and have left polygamy, and a man has one wife only. And, according to these new customs, every peasant who marries his wife in church, instead of beer pays one rupee ; instead of bark-cloth, one rupee ; instead of a goat, two rupees ; instead of salt, one rupee ; instead of shells, five rupees ; making in all ten rupees." It is not every parliament that can fix the price of a wife at 13s. 4d.—but this the Uganda parliament has done. And the law abides to this day.

The dominating personality in the Lukiko is the Katikiro, or Prime Minister, Sir Apolo Kagwa. He is also one of the three regents whose rule is almost at an end, for King Daudi will soon be of age. The Katikiro is a burly figure of a man, six feet high, and in his eyes there is the gleam which denotes the leader of men. He is a man of affairs, and he also wields the pen of a ready writer. In all the strife out of which the Uganda of to-day has evolved he has borne his part. He suffered persecution ; he narrowly escaped with his life. He has been loyal to the Christian faith, and loyal to the English as the guardians of that faith. He has been the guardian of King Daudi all these years, and he has watched over the King as a father over his child. He went to England

to King Edward's Coronation, and he was knighted. A race that can produce men such as this is destined for great things. He speaks and writes with engaging simplicity. The other regent whom I met was Kisingiri, an old man, but still sufficiently active to ride a motor-bicycle. But his "pikipiki" (expressive Luganda word for motor-cycle) had thrown him three times, and he was disillusioned! At one time he was personal boy of H. M. Stanley.

From the Lukiko we went to the King's palace, and again we passed through beautifully woven reed fences. There is a feeling of mystery and awe produced by thus being led through fence after fence, but the feeling vanishes when at last the final fence is passed, and we come to the palace. For it is only a plain corrugated-iron-roofed bungalow, quite unworthy of being a king's palace. A soldier stands sentry at the door, and the hall is adorned with portraits of King George and Queen Mary. The King of Uganda draws a revenue of £800 from the British Government; when he comes of age it will be £1500; and besides that he has large estates. When he assumes the reins of government doubtless he will build himself a worthy palace. Near the palace is the King's chapel, a beautiful, simple building decorated with lovely reed-work. Here King Daudi

worships, for he is a devout Christian and a teetotaler ! If all that is said of him be true, there is a happy future for Uganda under King Daudi.



My last impression of Uganda was this. I was present at the opening of an industrial show, to which all the schools in the diocese had contributed. Each school sent its contingent of boys—keen-faced, stalwart, white-robed youths. These are the future leaders of the Uganda Kingdom, being trained for the responsibilities to come. Among them was a company of Kavarondo boys, sons of a tribe that yesterday were strangers to all clothing. At them Bishop Willis looked with loving eyes, for he was their first missionary, and these the first-fruits. And as I departed from Mengo with the shadows of the hills lengthening, I heard the shouting of the boys playing the finals of their football competitions. These shouts followed me along the dusty road. They seemed as the shout of victors going forth to further conquests. And it is for that further conquest that they are being trained—first, the complete conquest of themselves, then of Uganda for Christ, and then west and north until the Cross is supreme to the frontiers of the Soudan and Abyssinia.

That great task the Buganda are preparing

to take upon their shoulders. And that task they will achieve. For the purposes of God are sure, and cannot fail. And in the purpose of God the place of Uganda seemeth to be this—to create there in the heart and on the uplands of Africa a Christian state, so strong that it will stem the tide of Mohammedanism advancing from the north, and become, because of the clear shining of its light, a great centre of African Christianity! The British race has done mighty things the world over; but on no work of their hands can the Church or the British Government cast eyes of greater satisfaction than on the work which they have wrought in the space of one short generation in Uganda.

CHAPTER XVII

CONCLUSION

THOSE were great days in England and Scotland when the Universities Mission took possession of Zanzibar, and never rested until it worked its way back to Nyasaland, making good its retreat; when the Church of Scotland claimed the Shiré Highlands in the name of Livingstone for Jesus Christ and made good its claim; when the Free Church of Scotland founded Livingstonia, attacked the slave-trade at its fountain-head and brought the murderous Angoni into subjection to the Prince of Peace; when the Church Missionary Society took up the challenge of Stanley and set forth on the great adventure of annexing Uganda to the Kingdom of God; for in those days there was a conquering spirit abroad and strong men deemed it no sacrifice to lay down their lives in the noblest of all services. There was no difficulty about the treasury of the Lord then; no difficulty in getting men then. When one

died, two stepped into his place then. Great days those when a Glasgow merchant met a young man in the street and forthwith appointed him secretary to a new enterprise he was planning, even the formation of a Christian Trading Corporation which should open up Africa to honest trade according to Livingstone's dreams. And forthwith Glasgow citizens promoted the African Lakes Corporation, whose beneficent enterprises penetrated Africa and mould it still. These were great days, and great things were done in them by men great in faith.

But the great days are gone—alas! that one should need to say it. Thirty-five years have passed since then, and no new enterprise has been entered upon by the Churches. Vast territories remain to be occupied by Christianity, yet they move not. The French Soudan has no missionary within its borders, nor yet the Upper French Congo. Vast Portuguese territories are without missionaries. But far worse than that is the fact that the great missions already established are undermanned. Thirty years ago there was no difficulty; to-day all the missions cry out for more workers and the Churches cannot supply them. In Uganda the work is sadly hindered for the lack of missionaries. The Church Missionary Society can-

not fill up the vacancies. That is but an example. Glasgow to-day would not promote an "African Lakes Corporation" content to take out its dividends in the Kingdom of God. The African Lakes Corporation has itself felt the spirit of the new day and it now is keen for dividends in this present world. (It still however does homage to the spirit of its founders.) Something has gone from us. The vision has grown dim. The spirit of self-sacrifice has ceased to operate, or we have quenched it. Our fathers went forth to conquer continents for Christ; we find it difficult to maintain the posts they established.

There can be but one reason for that—we are becoming carnally minded and are losing our grip on the Unseen. Our fathers, because of their sense of what they owed to Jesus Christ, moved mountains. We cannot climb hillocks. The call to go forth and fill up the ranks of His army falls on deaf ears. The heart is so keen for money and all that money brings, that there is no room left for the liberality which sent forth expeditions to take possession of provinces for Christianity. Wealth has poured its stores into our streets, but we will no longer consecrate it by dedicating a tenth to God. We are so possessed with the life of gain and ease and pleasure that we no longer produce a Mackay or a Pilkington or a Stewart of Lovedale or a Henry Scott. So far

from advancing to new territories we cannot fill up the gaps in the fighting line. We are indeed fallen upon lean days. And God alone can revive that life which is languishing, and make that fire which is choked with this world's ashes break forth again into flame.



If anything could stir these lethargic hearts of ours and rouse us again to deeds of derring-do in the name of Christ, it would be the record of the great things which missionaries have achieved and are achieving for humanity and for God. But then only a handful in these days will so much as read a missionary book ; and scarcely anybody will buy one. The novel with the problem is our mental fare. We mistake the sensationalist for the missionary—such is our blindness. But did we read of what missionaries are doing, did we realise the grandeur of their work, the loneliness of their lives, the heartsickness which is theirs when appeals for help are left year by year unanswered, the wistfulness with which they look out on territories waiting for their entering in, and on races perishing for lack of knowledge, while they are helpless—did we take the trouble to acquaint ourselves with these things, then doubtless we would again bestir ourselves to action. I can see the missionary there at his station. He is a man with

the gift of tongues, and he alone in a great district knows the mind of the native and can interpret it. There are other white men there, but they are after money, while he is after men. That is his one passion—to waken men out of the sleep of ages and make them feel the encompassing God who is Love. For that he teaches, preaches, heals, bearing patiently with ignorance, superstition and sullenness. For that he endures banishment from his kind, isolating himself among lower minds. He toils, translating the Scriptures, giving the greatest of books to races that know not any book. He sees the future when races will arise with minds to understand, eyes to see, hearts to love, and souls that will lay hold on God, when cruelty, lust, and superstition, born of ignorance, shall no longer enthrall men—and seeing that fair land his spirit abides there. He is a man of action, sparing not himself. He teaches with his hands as well as with his lips. He strives to surround the body with seemliness and cleanliness that the soul may prosper. He is no believer in cant; but fearless and heedless of men's frowns or smiles, he stands up for the right. He will not endure Forced Labour, even as he could not endure slavery. He stands for the conscience of the nation—ever reminding the dominant race that they are trustees for the helpless

natives. He is overworked because our faith has faltered and we will not send him the help he asks. He never complains, but takes the day's work as it comes. And if you fall ill in his house, he will nurse you as his brother, give up his own bed to you that you may be the more comfortable; and will even be visited with regret when he sees you getting better, for he knows then that soon you will be going away, leaving him to his solitude. There is not a nobler life on earth than that of the missionary of Jesus Christ. That we should be indifferent to him, unable to perceive his greatness, and deaf to his voice calling us to help—that is our condemnation. One generation goeth and another cometh. God's work will be done. The next generation will go back to the faith and the ideal of their grandfathers.



In other days there was a sullen opposition shown to missions by Government officials and traders; but that sneering spirit of contempt is almost vanished. When Lord Selborne spoke of his experience of missions while he was High Commissioner of South Africa, he said: "I have no difficulty in telling you the impressions these eight years have left on my mind, and that is a profound contempt, which I have no desire

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to disguise, for those who sneer at missions." To-day no educated man in Nyasaland, British East Africa, or Uganda will sneer at missions. It is impossible for them to do so. These regions have been transformed from barbarism to civilisation by missions, and no white man would be in these regions were it not for missions. In British East Africa and Uganda no white man who has experienced, or whose friend has experienced, the healing power of Christianity in the great hospital on the hill of Namirembe, will sneer or suffer another to sneer at missions. And in Nyasaland no man who has seen the work of healing and saving humanity carried on in the Shiré Highlands and Livingstonia and Likoma, will sneer or suffer another to sneer at missions. Missions have made these lands what they are, and only the ignorant can cavil at them. And those who wield the power of the British Government are quick to show their interest in that great cause which brought them hither. Is a church to be built or a school established, the first to lend a helping hand is the Government official. One cannot pass through these territories, however hurriedly, without realising the splendid work which British officials are doing for the native races. To pass from territories administered by Portugal to those administered by our race is to pass from the shadows into the

light. For the former the native is a commodity provided to be exploited for the ruler's benefit ; to the latter the native is as his ward, for whose welfare he is the responsible trustee. Of course, it is inevitable that in territories so vast, and with a host so great of governors, magistrates, and officials, there should be mistakes. For all men are not endowed with equal wisdom. But mistakes are only made to be righted, and the British mete out justice and mercy to those whose destinies are committed to their charge.

It is not in contrast with Portuguese rule alone that the British Protectorates stand in pleasing contrast. The same, though in smaller measure, applies to German Africa. It is an illuminating fact that in German East Africa in 1911 there was one criminal conviction for every 637 natives, while in the neighbouring Protectorate of Uganda there was only one conviction for every 2047 natives ! The secret of dealing with subject races abides still with our race. The self-denial, the wise restraint, the careful thought for those who cannot think for themselves, the unswerving justice which holds the balance even, the great responsibilities borne by men isolated from their kind and often but poorly paid, raise the great corps of British men who administer districts as large as kingdoms and provinces as great

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as empires alike above criticism or praise. "The running of a tropical colony," says Sir Conan Doyle, "is, of all tests, the most searching as to the development of the nation that attempts it; to see helpless people and not to oppress them, to see great wealth and not to confiscate it, to have absolute power and not to abuse it, to raise the natives instead of sinking yourself—these are the supreme tests of a nation's spirit." There is no doubt of this fact—that throughout the vast territories administered by them in Africa the British race have stood, and stand, that test.

APPENDICES

I

*Copy of Petition of Scottish Ministers and Office bearers,
June, 1889.*

UNTO THE MOST HONOURABLE
THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.
HER MAJESTY'S PRIME MINISTER AND FOREIGN SECRETARY,
THE MEMORIAL

OF

*The following Ministers and Elders of the Church of
Scotland, Free Church of Scotland, and
United Presbyterian Church ;*

SHEWETH,—

That the Church of Scotland has an Industrial and Evangelical Mission at Blantyre, Nyasa Land, East Central Africa, with an important station at Domasi, and a Sub-station at Chirazulo :

That the Free Church of Scotland has several Mission Stations (the Livingstonia Mission) on the west side of Lake Nyasa :

That the United Presbyterian Church, while having no Territorial Mission in Nyasa Land, supplies the salary of the Medical Missionary, the Rev. Dr. Laws, who is engaged at one of the Mission Stations of the Free Church of Scotland :

That the Missions in Nyasa Land are at the present

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time beset with trials and dangers, especially from the Portuguese, who threaten to annex Nyasa Land :

That the Missions originated by the labours of Livingstone, and which have been carried on for many years by Christian workers from this country, have produced and are producing the most satisfactory results in the interests of Christianity and civilisation, and should receive every encouragement and support.

May it therefore please the Most Honourable LORD SALISBURY, Her Majesty's Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, to bring before Her Majesty's Government the necessity for such steps being taken, as may be required in the circumstances, to insure that the Missions be continued in the same undisturbed freedom as hitherto in their Christian work.

II

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF NORTHERN RHODESIA TO THE CONFERENCE OF MISSIONS AT MVERA, AND REPLY SENT.

DEAR Sir, LIVINGSTONE, 9th July, 1910.

I understand that you are shortly to hold at Mvera your triennial missionary conference. I am sorry that I am not able to attend it. My engagements will prevent my doing so. I should have liked to meet the various members of the many missionary societies working in Northern Rhodesia, the country (i.e. N.E.R. and N.W.R.) over which I have recently been appointed bishop.

I do trust that we of the African Church, bearing in mind our great commission, may be able to work along with the various Nonconformist missions in the spirit of Genesis xiii. 8. There are unfortunately certain differences—to us churchmen of vital importance—between us and you, and we cannot ignore these differences. It is no good saying that we are “all essentially one” when we know quite well that we are not, and I think in the cause of unity we gain nothing by shutting our eyes to those differences and acting as if they did not exist.

I as a churchman am bound to teach in all its fulness what I believe to be in accordance with the will of God as revealed by His Spirit in the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, and I am sent here by the chief authorities of the English Church to teach the whole truth to the people of this land. I am therefore bound to do this to the best of my power.

This, however, will I know at once raise difficulties. There was, I understand, though I did not know of it till I reached Fort Jameson a few days ago, some sort of agreement drawn up by the late Mr. Codrington by which N.E. Rhodesia was divided up among the several missionary societies at that time scattered through the land. Then I find that the London Missionary Society, the White Fathers, the United Church of Scotland, the Jesuits, and the Dutch Reformed Church all had definite limited areas allotted to them within which they were to confine their respective missionary work. Apparently the whole of N.E. Rhodesia was in this way partitioned out, leaving no room for the English Church to find a footing anywhere.

Personally I should not have consented to any such limitations being put on my own sphere of work. I could not nor can I now consent to be "bishop of N. Rhodesia" merely in the sense in which till the eighteenth century the kings of England called themselves kings of France.

The Church cannot be bound by the civil powers in this way, whatever may be the case with their separate communities who follow the Christian faith in their own way. I have accordingly referred this matter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, seeking his advice, as it is from him that I obtain my mission, that I may know how far such allotment of territory can be now recognised by the bishop of the country as in any way binding on him. We of the U.M.C.A. have never wished to interfere with or encroach on mission districts already occupied by other societies. But we have always refused to bind ourselves not to do so if any call should come.

With reference to N.W. Rhodesia, no such limitations of missionary districts have, I believe, as yet been made by the civil government. I may say at once

that I propose this year if possible beginning missionary work in and about Kasempa's in the west side of the country.

I do trust that no difficulties may arise between the missions of the English Church in this land under English rule and other missions of other Christian societies. Nothing could be more contrary to my own wishes than to enter into painful controversies with devout and earnest Christian men on such a question as the right to evangelise the heathen. But as bishop both of N.E. and N.W. Rhodesia I cannot dare to surrender my claim to do in any and every part of the country that sacred work which the Lord Jesus Christ has committed to our charge.

Praying that in all things the Holy Spirit of God may direct and rule our hearts and that His blessing may rest upon your conference,

I remain with great respect,

Your faithful brother in Christ,

(Signed) J. E. HINE,

Bishop of Northern Rhodesia.

The President of the Missionary Conference,
Mvera.

Reply of President of the Conference.

MVERA, CENTRAL ANGONILAND,
August 6th, 1910.

DEAR BISHOP HINE,

Your letter of 9th July to the President of The United Nyasaland Missionary Conference has been received and was read to the conference to-day.

The conference desire me to thank you warmly for your letter, and to express their regret that you were unable to be present at their meetings. It would have given them great pleasure to have welcomed you or

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any member of your staff, and they cherish the hope that on the occasion of any future similar conference you or some member of your mission may be able to be present to join in their deliberations on some of the problems which alike affect all missions and missionary agencies in Central Africa.

The conference appreciate the courtesy with which your letter puts before them the policy and aims you have adopted in entering on the care of your new diocese. They understand the position which you feel it your duty to take up as regards other missions in Rhodesia, and while they regret that such position does not permit your giving any recognised place to the work of other missions and Church agencies within your diocese, they are glad to learn of your intention to work in harmony with them having respect to districts already occupied, and they duly reciprocate your hope and prayer that the work of all may be for the advancement of the kingdom of God in this part of the great field of heathenism. There is room and work enough and need for many workers in combating the forces of evil that are around us. They cordially reciprocate your trust that no difficulties may arise between your own and other missions in Rhodesia, and they pray that the grace of God may so guide all our hearts that we may be led into that which is best for the Church and kingdom of God in Central Africa.

With cordial greetings and praying that the blessing of the Most High may rule all our work for His glory,
I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) ALEXANDER HETHERWICK,
President.

The Right Rev. Bishop Hine,
Livingstone, N.W. Rhodesia.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND MISSION, NYASALAND

Church Statistics.

Stations.	District Churches.	Elders.	Deacons.	Catechumens.		Baptisms.		Communicants.	Liberality.	Preachers.	Total estimated attendance at Services Weekly.
				1911.	1912.	1912.	Total.				
BLANTYRE .	10	27	—	624	931	Infants, Adults. 87 170	257	1623	£ 119 10 8	163	7146
DOMASI .	2	14	—	326	372	39 120	159	720	67 17 4	55	1945
ZOMBA .	3	10	—	388	605	70 135	205	837	42 0 5	68	1620
MLANJE .	10	18	—	553	887	58 185	243	720	60 6 6½	84	7,524
Totals .	25	69	—	1891	2795	254 610	864	3900	289 15 0	370	18,235

STATISTICS

III

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Statistics of the Stations of the Livingstonia Mission in Nyasaland and North-Eastern Rhodesia for 1912

	European Staff including wives of Missionaries.	Congregations.	Outstations.	Licentiates.	Evangelists and Colporteurs.	Elders and Deacons.	Hearers.	Catechumens.	Communicants.	Adult and Infant Baptisms during 1911.	Number of Schools including Institution.	Native Teachers and Monitors.	Highest Number of Scholars.	School Fees. £ s. d.	Cash Contributions including Medical Fees. £ s. d.
LIVINGSTONIA.	16	1	33	...	5	31	1,647	878	796	192	37	70	3,109	£ 92 9 7	£ 74 5 1
BANDAWE .	3	1	118	1	5	88	829	858	2,443	339	114	166	12,199	50 17 6	154 9 7
EKWENDENI .	2	1	91	1	3	133	5,318	1,674	1,630	597	88	193	9,417	55 12 9	29 10 3
LOUDON .	7	1	180	1	11	150	4,456	2,580	2,602	361	186	300	10,604	87 0 0	109 2 0
KARONGA .	2	1	52	...	4	32	850	676	539	227	52	68	2,500	19 19 6	42 11 9
MWENZO .	5	1	174	...	9	15	1,760	730	299	51	174	410	7,907	14 13 11	19 14 8
KASUNGU .	3	1	30	...	...	...	1,087	403	186	89	102	161	5,273	5 5 4	29 2 8
TAMANDA .	2	1	30	...	...	...	2,000	242	105	93	51	132	5,003	7 14 2	17 0 10
CHITAMBO .	3	1	22	...	...	...	...	163	46	36	36	72	1,064	14 10 4	39 7 10
TOTALS .	43	9	730	3	37	449	15,947	8,204	8,646	1,985	840	1,572	57,076	348 3 1	515 4 8

APPENDICES

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UNIVERSITIES MISSION. DIOCESE OF NYASALAND
Statistical Table I. December 1st, 1912.

STATION.	Enrolled Hearers.		Catechumens.		Baptised including CCC.		Communicants.		Confirmed Nov., 1911-12.		Total.		Total.
	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	
1 LIOMA .	129	220	186	366	828	1120	650	680	53	85	1143	1706	2849
2 NKOTA-NKOTA	117	186	24	197	535	444	459	359	53	35	898	827	1725
3 THE "C. M." ¹	948	1445	470	896	2328	1952	1256	1533	178	256	3746	4293	8039
4 MSUMBA .	118	250	130	222	631	663	290	290	104	73	879	1145	2024
5 LUNGWENA .	23	10	35	13	153	63	123	55	9	2	211	86	297
6 UNANGU .	6	14	12	16	274	526	200	468	*	...	292	556	848
7 MTONYA .	14	20	33	11	112	19	105	9	*	1	159	50	209
8 MALINDI .	35	10	25	7	70	14	45	8	...	...	130	31	161
9 MPONDAS .	151	58	76	23	143	66	122	56	21	3	370	147	517
10 LIKWENU .	315	435	284	280	185	143	150	113	71	46	784	858	1642
Total	1856	2648	1497	2031	5259	5010	3400	3571	489	501	8612	9699	
Total	4504		3528		10279		6971		990		18311		

* Confirmation postponed from September to February. M. Male. F. Female. 1 S.S. Chauncy Maples, which does the work of a station.

STATISTICS OF THE UGANDA MISSION

Year.	Native Clergy.	Other Native Workers.	Native Christians.	Adult Baptisms in the Year.	Scholars in Mission Schools.
1887	—	—	300	2	—
1892	—	36	3400	100	400
1897	10	521	14,457	2,757	742
1902	27	2,199	38,844	3,965	12,861
1907	31	2,508	59,926	4,020	32,067
1911	38	2,364	74,421	2,916	47,433

LEADING DATES IN NYASALAND, BRITISH EAST AFRICA, AND UGANDA

- 1844. Missionary work began near Mombasa in East Africa.
- 1859. Livingstone discovered Shiré River, Lake Shirwa, and Lake Nyasa.
- 1861. Universities Mission founded ; Bishop C. F. Mackenzie consecrated.
- 1862. Bishop Mackenzie's death.
- 1864. Universities Mission removes to Zanzibar.
- 1873. Death of Livingstone.
- 1875. Livingstonia Mission founded by Free Church of Scotland.
- 1876. Blantyre Mission founded by the Church of Scotland.
- 1876. Uganda Mission founded by the Church Missionary Society.
- 1882. Universities Mission returns to Nyasaland.
- 1885. Settlement made at Likoma by Universities Mission.
- 1885. Bishop Hannington murdered.
- 1890. Death of Mackay of Uganda and consecration of Bishop Tucker.
- 1891. Blantyre Church, "St. Michael and All Angels," dedicated.
- 1893. Nyasaland taken over by the British Government and a Protectorate formally declared.
- 1894. Uganda declared a British Protectorate.
- 1897. The tyrant King Mwanga deposed and his infant son Daudi placed on the throne of Uganda.
- 1905. Likoma Cathedral dedicated.
- 1907. British Central Africa Protectorate became Nyasaland Protectorate.
- „ Death of Rev. Dr. Clement Scott at Kikuyu.
- 1909. First meeting of the Synod of the Church of Uganda.
- 1911. Death of Rev. Dr. Henry E. Scott at Kikuyu.
- 1913. Adoption of a Scheme of Federation by the Missions in British East Africa, at a Conference in Kikuyu, with a view to the ultimate realisation of a United Church in East Africa.

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